

# *THE American Girl*

APRIL 1946

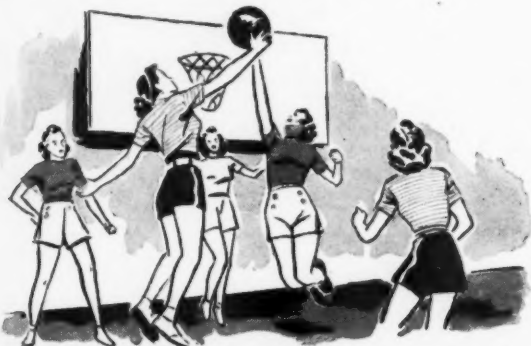
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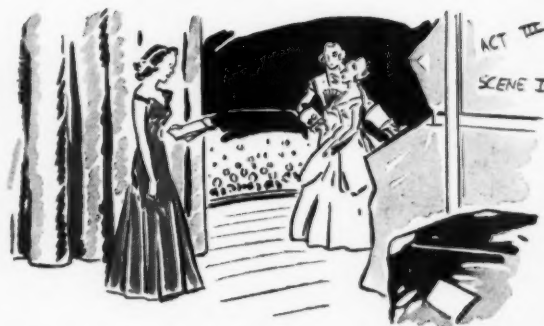
# RECREATION COUNSELOR

*'The Story of  
Evelyn Hansen*

● After receiving training and experience in the field of academic recreation, Evelyn Hansen made up her mind to investigate the field of industrial recreation. Coming to General Electric in 1945, Evelyn went to work setting up an entire recreational program for the Company. Assisted by an employee committee of G-E men and women, Evelyn plans and carries through social, sports, and cultural activities for the employees. She organizes dances, choruses, concerts, lectures, bowling leagues. No small part of her work is the general orientation of new women employees—helping them not only with their job, but with any difficulties that confront them when first coming to work. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*



Born in Holstein, Iowa, Evelyn attended high school there. Playing her saxophone in the band, singing in the Glee Club, she still found time to play jump center on the school's basketball team.



At the U. of Iowa she majored in dramatic art, minored in English. She took part in dramatic productions, did YWCA work, and was a board member of Iowa Union—a student activities organization.



After receiving her B.A., she took a job at the University with the Iowa Union—no longer as a member of the student committee but as a program adviser in charge of party planning and activities.



Evelyn worked at several colleges planning social and cultural activities. Meanwhile she took graduate work in guidance and taught sociology—preparation for her career at General Electric.

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# THE American Girl

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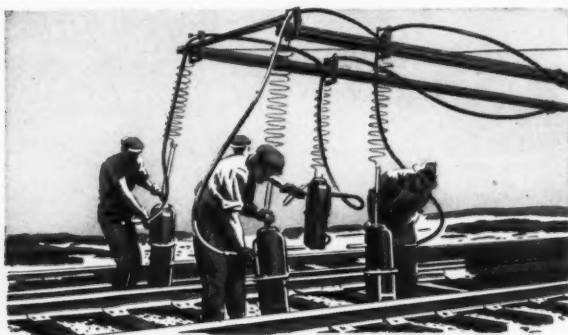
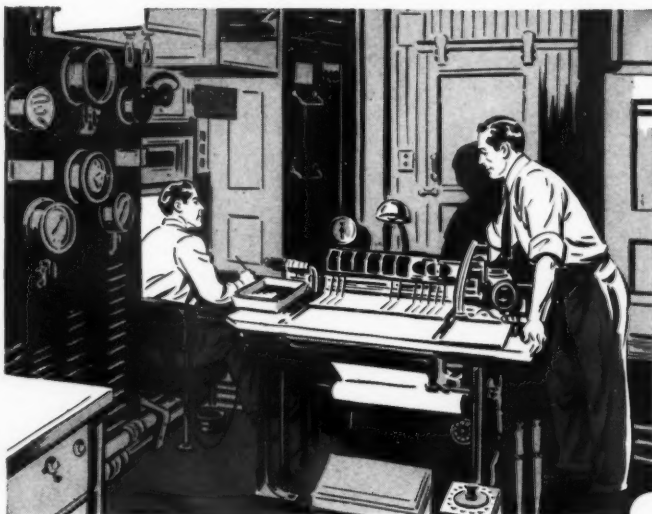
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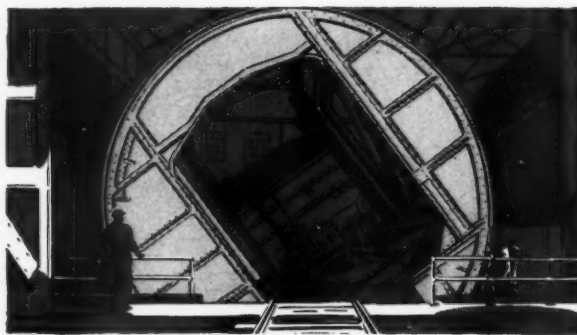
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# Ulysses Was a *Lady*

by FLORENCE OSTERN FAULKNER

We fed her hot mash and fresh garden vegetables and plenty of grain—as the book said. Nothing happened.



**W**HY so droopy?" Tookie Taylor demanded over double chocolate malts at The Sweetery. "Honest, Lois, the Government could start a housing project on your lower lip!"

I made a despondent noise with my straw. "You'd be sunk, too, if you'd just been reminded your dad's birthday was only two weeks away, and you hadn't saved a cent out of your allowance."

Tookie twisted her red bang reflectively. "Wrap up those lavender shorts you gave him last year. Your mother told mine he never wore them."

I squelched her with a look. "Think I'd do anything that low on Dad's fortieth birthday—when he's practically reached the Evening of his Life? Anyway, I've already paid 89c on his present. Unfortunately," I groaned, "there's a slight balance due of \$19.11."

Tookie choked on her malt. "What in all this world," she spluttered, "could be worth \$20.00?"

"An Italian death mask," I explained. "Mom's redecorating his study. Dad simply *has* to have this death mask for his wall."

"What's she fixing up his room to look like—Inner Sanctum?" Tookie wrinkled a nose she calls *retroussé*. "Where were you expecting this \$19.11 to come from?"

"Aunt Martha," I said bitterly. "She promised me fifty dollars when I graduated from Junior



High. How was I to know she'd send a bond that Mom won't let me cash?"

"Somebody in your family will lend it," Tookie maintained.

"You're forgetting my folks had to go to Washington and won't be home for two weeks. And even if Aunt Sara is staying with me, I can't ask her for \$19.11."

"We-ell—"

"I've tried telling the antique man I can't pay," I anticipated Tookie's next advice. "But he said he's already turned down several customers."

"Then you're stuck?"

"Sort of *noblesse oblige*," I corrected her. "Besides, he's a very excitable type, and you know how upset they get. Either I come across with \$19.11—or else."

"What'll he do if you don't?" Tookie morbidly inquired.

"I'm not sure exactly, but something drastic, I suppose. Probably have me arrested—at the very least. Maybe throw me into debtor's prison."

Tookie thought Mr. Dickens had done away with that sort of thing, but wouldn't bet another malt. Anyway, her attention had strayed to the good-looking boy in slacks and striped sweater up at the soda fountain.

"Too bad you aren't rich like Dwyer Parksley." Tookie giggled strenuously in the vain hope he would glance toward our booth. "He's just about the best-looking boy in Senior High and his father owns the Parksley Hatcheries."

"You mean chickens?" If I sounded vague, it was because my acquaintance with these barnyard characters was confined to their appearance on our Sunday table.

"Golly, he's tall!" Tookie was drooling. "Too bad he's all wrapped up in poultry."

"Don't you have a piano lesson?" I demanded, to bring her back to reality.

"Oh, golly!" Tookie pounced upon her

Grable coloring. "Lois Williams," I told him, adding impulsively, "Can a person really make money raising chickens?"

Dwyer paused, his spoon halfway to his mouth. Tookie had vowed he never looked at a girl, but he was looking at one now. And he seemed to like what he saw.

"Can they! I'm going to have a hatchery myself some day," he enthused.

"Why?"

I brightened. "How many chickens would a person need to start? Say a person who wanted to make \$19.11?"

"No set number. Depends on the quality of your poultry. Pop knows a guy named Randick who started with just one hen. He set her and—"

"—became a millionaire?" I ventured deliriously.

"Practically overnight," Dwyer confirmed.

I beamed. If this was true, that death mask was as good as hanging on my father's wall.

"Thinking of going into the chicken business *before* dinner?" Dwyer teased, as I slid from my stool.

"By fair means—or fowl," I grinned, and though our English teacher feels nothing is lower than a pun, Dwyer's chuckle followed me to the door.

Next morning I located Tookie in the garden swing, giving herself a pedicure with some old nail polish she was trying to use up.

"What cooks?" she demanded, eyeing the copy of "You, Too, Can Raise Poultry," which I'd unearthed at the library.

I flopped beside her. "Tookie, I know how to get \$19.11."

She extended one foot and frowningly studied her toenails. "How?"

"Chickens!"

"Not me!" Tookie objected. "Feathers give me hay fever."

"Well, one chicken won't kill you. That's all the money Aunt Sara would

lend me. When our chicken multiplies to where you're getting bad attacks, I'll treat you to the allergy shots. You've just got to come with me while I buy the hen that will lay my \$19.11."

We went to all the local poultry stands, but the hens in those places had a defeatist look, so we decided to try a farm. There were none conveniently located on Main Street, but I still contend the trek wouldn't have been so grueling if Tookie hadn't examined her toenails every five minutes to see how the polish was holding up. Just as we were deciding this couldn't be chicken country, Providence took a hand. Wandering down the road was the cockiest-looking hen. This Ulysses of the chicken world came to a standstill and measured us with inquisitive eyes. Then, intrigued by the polish gleaming through Tookie's toeless sandals, she waddled

over toward us to take a better look. "An omen," I prophesied. "This chicken'll bring us luck."

Though Tookie was tactlessly to recall my prediction later, all she said then was, "What'll we call her?"

"Ulysses," I decided, unable to think of any woman wanderer. "Let's inquire if she's for sale."

Ulysses accompanied us to the door of the nearest farmhouse, as if curious to see how the deal would come out.

"That hen isn't ours," the woman told us. "Try across the road."

We tried there, and kept trying, until most of the polish was worn off Tookie's toes, but nobody in that district had ever seen Ulysses before, so we decided that she was a gift from heaven and took her home.

**T**OOKIE dropped wearily on my front steps. "Where you planning to keep this cluck?" she sneezed, edging away and childishly indulging her hay fever. "In your fodder's vegetable godden?"

"Ulysses can roost in our garage until my folks come home," I said. I led the way, with a head of Dad's prize lettuce in my hand, and Ulysses greedily followed.

"Tookie," I remarked pointedly, "Ulysses looks like a hearty eater. You'll probably have to lend me some money for feed."

Tookie's rancous guffaw was ominous. "Not a chance! I've only got my permanent wave money," she protested.

"You won't lose anything," I insisted. "Ulysses'll pay you back with interest." I repeated Dwyer's success story. "This Randick became a millionaire overnight," I finished. "Need I say more?"

"Yes, you need!" Tookie's blue eyes narrowed in a way that did nothing for her fallow face. "This permanent's for my cousin Orpha's wedding."

"Tookie," I argued, "do you suppose, if I weren't *positive* Ulysses would come through, I'd ask you to lend it? Besides, Orpha can't be married until Henry gets enough points to come home."

Tookie maintained a stony silence, and it wasn't until I pictured myself locked away in prison, without a malt or a Sinatra recording, that she cracked.

"Stop talking and take it!" she shouted, practically flinging the money in my face. I was hurt. "Have you ever lost anything on me yet?"

"You're not doing the laying," Tookie crudely remarked, and left me on this disquieting note.

Before dashing to the store to buy feed, I warned Aunt Sara that there was a live chicken in our garage, which wasn't to figure in any of her menus.

I'll admit I had promised Tookie I'd spend no more of her wave money than would actually keep Ulysses' body and soul together. But when Dwyer Parksley walked into that feed store, I lost my head. I just pointed to the sack Mr. Wendelberger was showing and an-

## Lois and Tookie were almost desperate when Ulysses—looking like a perfectly good omen—waddled into their lives

check and jumped up. "Coming?" "See you tomorrow," I waved her off.

I ordered my second malt at the counter, but it was necessary to reach across Dwyer three times for a straw before he noticed me.

"Hi, towhead! Haven't I seen you around? School or something?"

"Next semester I'll be in Senior High," I sighed. "If I live until then."

"You ought to make it—with that appetite." He grinned. "What do they call you?"

Suddenly I was glad I'd worn the pink jumper, which is solid with my Betty



nounced: "I'll take three of those sacks!"

The way Dwyer stared, you'd think nobody had ever bought that much sorghum before. I listened uneasily while Mr. Wendelberger explained the number of chickens that many sacks should feed—not that I wasn't confident I'd have them once Ulysses started laying.

"Jeepers!" Dwyer ejaculated. "You must have gone into the business in a big way."

"Not numbers," I answered modestly. "Quality was my first consideration."

"That's Pop's idea," Dwyer approved. His tone implied his father was tops. "Pop says—"

"How you aiming to get all this feed home?" Mr. Wendelberger interrupted.

"I'll give her a lift," Dwyer volunteered. "I've one of our trucks outside."

Golly! If any of the high school crowd should see me, I'd be practically made.

"Imagine a swell-looking kid like you knowing about chickens," Dwyer marveled, helping me up to the front seat of the truck. "Wait until I tell Pop."

I guess I blossomed a little recklessly under Dwyer's flattering attention. Anyway, I tossed off learned bits from "You, Too, Can Raise Poultry," until he began visualizing me as the owner of thousands of heads of chicken—if that's the way poultrymen refer to them.

Goose pimples broke out all over me as we pulled up to my house. "Just d-dump those s-sacks on the s-side-walk," I stuttered.

Dwyer squinted toward our sprawling yard, as if expecting to see chickens sprouting all over the premises.

"Thanks for the hayride," I smiled, praying he'd go,

and not start to ask me any questions. "Okay, Towhead," Dwyer nodded. "Be seeing you."

Though dying to ask Tookie how much significance I might reasonably attach to Dwyer's parting words, I put Ulysses' well-being first. I filled a pan with feed for her, and another with water. I picked the best vegetables from my father's garden. I even made a hot mash as the book directed—but nothing happened. Morning after morning Tookie stubbornly routed me from bed to gather eggs. But Ulysses could show us nothing but an empty sorghum pan.

"Honestly," Tookie grouched, "you'd think this cluck would look apologetic—instead of strutting around with that smug expression on her face."

As we sat disconsolately on the front steps, the postman handed me a letter. "It's about Dad's present!" I guessed.

As I read the enclosure, my heart sank.

Dear Customer: Just a friendly reminder that you are expected to pick up one Italian death mask not later than next Saturday. Balance due \$19.11.

Cordially,  
Seven Seas Curio Shoppe

Well, this was only Thursday, I tried to console myself. Anything could happen by Saturday.

It seemed ironical that Ulysses should lay a gorgeous egg the very morning I knew my poultry venture to be ill-advised. According to the egg-laying chart Aunt Sara dug up, I would be 104 years old before my hen laid anything like a carload. The knowledge that Ulysses wouldn't be paying for Dad's present

poultrywoman, and another fooling his dad.

"Dwyer exaggerates," I mumbled uneasily, "I just have—"

"You don't need to minimize your run," Mr. Parksley chided. "Not when you buy three sacks of sorghum at a crack." He extended his hand. "Glad to know you, Lois."

Confused, I offered the one holding Ulysses' egg, which I'd brought along as a talking point.

"Yours?" Mr. Parksley asked.

I nodded.

He examined it as reverently as if it were an outsize pearl, then passed it on to Dwyer.

"Extra size!" was their verdict.

"Dwyer said you're interested in my old friend, Randick," Mr. Parksley continued.

"You mean the man who became a millionaire overnight?" I asked, trying not to sound bitter.

Dwyer's father laughed. "You might call it overnight. Randick was out of debt in five years."

Suddenly I understood campaigns against loose talk.

"I'm expecting Randick for tomorrow's poultry show," Dwyer's father was saying. "He's exhibiting all month. We'll have you meet him, so you can hear some of his experiences firsthand."

As I thanked him, I remembered I had a chicken to sell. "Mr. Parksley, regarding the hen that laid this egg—"

"Enter her by all means," he said heartily. "There'll be splendid cash prizes."

"Cash?" I gulped, daz-zling vistas opening before me.

"Have your bird there by eight thirty. Dwyer'll give you all the details about the show."

"Jeepers, Pop!" Dwyer growled. "You don't have to tell a chicken fancier like Lois the ABC's."

Though I knew less about poultry shows than about native sports in Tibet, I couldn't ask questions after that.

Dwyer put me on my bus. "Pop thinks you're swell," he blurted out. "That makes two of us. Be seeing you!" he called, as the bus started.

When I reached Tookie's she was on the phone, excitedly making a permanent wave appointment for the next day. I would have been pretty upset, if I hadn't known we could enter Ulysses in the show.

"Yoicks!" Tookie cried when I mentioned cash prizes, and we sat there happily planning what we would do with the prize money until I had to sprint for home, because I was supposed to be on time for meals. (Continued on page 26)



Illustrated by EDWARD CASTRO

came as somewhat of a shock. But once I accepted it, I became almost calm.

I even stayed that way when Aunt Sara suggested I sell Ulysses to the Parksley Hatcheries in an attempt to recover some of Tookie's money. Although I was worried for fear Dwyer would think I was chasing him, I went right over, and when I breezed in, wearing my powder-blue jerkin, his face actually lit up.

"Hi, Towhead!" he greeted me. "What's doing?"

I was all set to do my selling job when a man in khaki and boots came in. "Pop," Dwyer called, "this is Lois. The girl who raises all those chickens." "Indeed!" Mr. Parksley stopped and smiled. "From what Dwyer says, you're a capable young lady."

Now it's one thing letting a boy practically your own age think you're a big



Betty Lee listened in approval. "Here," she thought, "is the real Janet, come to stay."

She turned from Janet to Bob. "Shouldn't you go up to the house and put on dry clothes?"

Mrs. Martin roused herself. "Come here, son." She felt of his sleeve. "Your clothes are wet."

"I'd just get wet again."

His mother stood up.

"You might as well rest, Mom. It's a long time yet till day-break."

She moaned.

"Don't worry," Bob cautioned her. "Granddad's probably sitting up in a tree as dry as you please."

"He can fend for himself," Mrs. Coggins encouraged them.

"By morning," said Luke, "he'll make himself heard."

Betty Lee wanted, desperately, to believe it. She was out with the rest of them, searching, long before the darkness actually lifted. But they found no trace of him.

"We'd better scatter out," Bob said, grim in his defeat. "Granddad isn't along here, that's plain."

The water in the fields had receded to a surprising extent, leaving a sea of mud. In mid-current it still flowed swiftly, but without the angry churning of the previous day. A clear sky taunted them, and a brazen sun rose to steam the marshlike ground.

"You wouldn't hardly know there'd been a cloud," said Mrs. Coggins.

Betty Lee could not bear the tortured look in Mrs. Martin's eyes. She felt as if she must get off to herself for awhile. "I'm going down the main road a piece," she announced.

Once on the road, she hurried. "I might see Mr. Anderson," she told herself. "Or Rompy." It relieved her to talk, even though no one heard. If she only knew which way to turn. "He can't be gone clear out of sight. It's help from on high we need, or we won't ever find him."

AFTER a time, she slowed down and looked around. She had come far. Her legs were trembling. "I'm tired," she realized. Across the cornfield, the trees still followed Clover Creek. "Where would he be?" she fell to thinking again. "Surely, not here."

She turned with a sinking in the pit of her stomach. But as she did so, she caught a glimpse of something white. Energy charged her. She ran to the fence, straining for a clearer view. There—in the treetop. Yes! It was something. She crawled under the fence, stumbled along between the rows. When she came to the ground on which water had been standing, she sank down over her ankles in mud. But she knew now that the white object was something on a stick, that someone across the water was waving it.

She waded in. The muck pulled her down, but she scrambled

up. Before long she saw that she could not manage it—she would need a rowboat to get across to those trees. She shouted. Though she heard no answering shout, the white rag bobbed. She waved, trying to motion that she was leaving, but would be back.

"I've found him!" she shouted, even though there was no one to hear.

It distressed her to leave. But even if she swam out to the tree, there would be no way of bringing him back without a boat or a raft. She started back at a run along the road. She had not gone far when a sagging gate caught her eye. Why wouldn't a gate serve as a raft? This one was weather-beaten, but it looked sound. She leaped the ditch. The gate was already half off. She tugged, then looked around her. A search yielded nothing with which to hammer. She picked up a rock and pounded. Once the rock slipped and struck her thumb. She was dizzy for a moment with pain. But she had the gate off! Now for a top rail to use as a pole. In comparison with the gate, the rail came off easily.

She dragged the gate along the road, (Continued on page 47)





Michael Anguti



The Orchestra practices up for the second big Hi Club rally. Tenor sax and drums are missing from picture

Courtesy of Hearn



Of all the classes, the one called "Good Grooming" is perhaps most popular. Here, posture is under discussion

# Hi-Doings

by RUTH BAKER

AT ABOUT half-past three on week-day afternoons—and all day long on Saturdays—a steady stream of shiny-haired, teen-age girls pushes through the swinging doors of a certain big New York department store. Are all these young women hot on the trail of nylons—or white shirts for their brothers? Are they, perhaps, "Just looking, thanks"? Or do they have part-time jobs in this store, behind a counter, in a stockroom or office? No. There's a look in every eye that seems to suggest much more fun and excitement than any of that.

Let's follow these girls. Up two flights on the escalator they go, and then take a sharp, right-hand turn, walking straight through the Boys' Clothing Department, past the Music World, the Gift Shop, and the Knitting Corner, and suddenly they disappear through a door marked "Hi Club" in gay, red letters! Behind that door? It's a light and airy rumpus room—complete with squashy chairs and sofas, gaily decorated walls, a good victrola and popular records aplenty, a tremendous worktable, a cluttered bulletin board, a typewriter, soft drink and cooky machines, and enough floor space for a dozen or two lively girls to polish up their jitterbugging. This place looks like fun, all right. Here are all the earmarks of a good, cosy clubroom—designed for teen-agers, *by* teen-agers.

And that's just exactly what it is. It's the headquarters for Hearn's Hi Club—the destination of hundreds of enthusiastic teen-age members who gather here to have fun and relax, to meet old friends and make new ones, to express themselves and develop their talents and interests through the club's broad activities program. All of which, by the way, sums up in a nutshell the whole point and purpose of this unusual club!

FOR a long time officials of Hearn's department store have recognized that the modern high-school girl is not just a jiving, sloppy Joe, but a wide-awake, intelligent young person, eager for good leadership and receptive to interesting ideas and projects. Anyway you looked at these alert teen-agers—as future citizens or as future customers—they added up to a potent force in the world of tomorrow. Hearn's set to work to see how the store could lend a hand in the job of fitting them for a place in the grown-up world, helping them develop more interesting and well-rounded personalities, and at the same time give them the opportuni-

ty to have a good time in the bargain.

The top management at Hearn's consulted psychologists, educators, and craftsmen. They conferred with girls and their parents. They studied teen-agers' needs and lacks and wants, and at last came up with Hearn's Hi Club—complete with a practical program, a meeting place, and a leader!

Incidentally, this leader is no small part of the Hi Club's success. Her name is Miss Tina Parmer and, though she's been mistaken plenty of times for a teen-ager herself, she actually holds a college degree in physical education and her credentials list an impressive amount of school and camp group work experience. Miss Parmer runs the club's business singlehanded. Calmly and efficiently she guides, assists, advises, and even actually directs many of the activities. It's easy to see how firmly she believes in teen-agers and how firmly *they* believe in *her*. More than any other factor, it's probably her energy and contagious enthusiasm that has made this club tick so loudly right from the start.

To be a member of the Hearn's Hi





Marie Florio, eighteen, instructs in ballet. Scientific "limbering up" exercises open each Wednesday session



The Arts and Crafts group tries water color painting. Girls have made cosmetic bags, headbands, soap carvings

## It's easy to see why this department store's club for teen-age girls is growing like Jack's famous Beanstalk

Club, a girl between fourteen and seventeen years old need only register in the third-floor clubroom, filling out a card—called a "question box"—which goes on file and shows at a glance her name and address, age and school, and all the club activities she plans to join. The new member immediately receives an official membership card, and from here out can enjoy equal rights with every other Hi Club member, and wear the club's official jockey cap—navy blue with attractive white lettering. There are no other formalities, no dues or initiation fees to pay. And the girls are neither asked nor urged to buy, pass judgment on or model a single piece of merchandise in the whole store.

AT THE last count, more than three thousand girls—from every section of New York City and from many outlying suburbs and towns—were registered Hi Club members, and the number is growing by leaps and bounds. But exactly *why* do these girls come back week after week, bringing their friends and their friends' friends, too? You'll find the best answer

in the program schedule posted on the clubroom bulletin board. Here's how it reads. Something for every talent and taste, isn't there?

Monday afternoon:	Good Grooming
Tuesday "	Social Dancing Tap Dancing
Wednesday "	Interior Decoration Ballet
Thursday "	Newspaper Glee Club Orchestra
Friday "	Photography Dramatics Arts & Crafts
Saturday morning:	Fashion Modeling Fashion Designing

As you might guess, the most generally popular course is the one called "Good Grooming"—a series of down-to-earth lectures on the basic facts of glamour given by an authority on that subject. "I can hardly wait for this class to begin,"

one teen-ager confided to us on a Monday afternoon. "And then, when it does, I can hardly wait for it to be over so I can go home and start trying out all the new beauty tips we get. Like my hairdo?"

But every one of the other exciting activities has its ardent followers, too. There's the Arts and Crafts group which displays, with suitable pride and enthusiasm, a fine array of calico animals, cosmetic bags, headbands, Christmas cards, soap carvings, and sketches. There's the class in interior decoration which specializes in ideas for redecorating the members' own rooms. Musically inclined members? They pick the orchestra or glee club. As for the newspaper, every budding young editor turns up on Wednesdays to work on the next issue of Hearn's Hi Club Chatter—the club's monthly mimeographed publication. And who wants to miss her ballet class when there's a real live teen-age ballerina instructing in the arabesques and entrechats?

So the club's program goes snowballing along, growing and changing as it takes its cues from popular demand. For instance, classes in film techniques, music appreciation, and textile design are being planned—not to mention volleyball, basketball, and swimming at a near-by gymnasium.

(Continued on page 43)



Illustrated by MICHAEL RAMUS

Nancy was a little worried when she saw what a shiny, expensive-looking carriage Red had hired

A SUDDEN chill wind swept in from the harbor. It whistled up Front Street and swirled clouds of sharp Bermuda dust about the slim girl on horseback. She choked, coughed, and rubbed her eyes.

The white horse danced skittishly, flickering his hoofs and shaking his head. Nancy could feel the nervous shudders of his body. She bent low on his neck. "Easy, Star. Take it easy, boy." She spoke softly and laid her cheek on the fragrant hair of his neck. She stroked him with a gentle hand and was rewarded by his sudden quieting, the twitching of his ears, and the gentle rippling of his skin under her touch.

Another violent gust of wind whipped dust and papers up in smoky spirals. The boy on the bench outside the shabby Villa Napoli clutched desperately at the pages of a letter he was reading, just as the wind tore them from his grasp.

Nancy watched as he snatched up one of the crutches from the bench beside him and started after the fluttering pages. She didn't know him well, but they had met once or twice at beach parties.

"Hey, Red," she called. "Hold everything. I'll get them."

He looked over and raised his hand in greeting. He evidently remembered her, for he was smiling in a friendly way.

Nancy rode after the pages, but had to dismount to pick them up. She shook off the white Bermuda dust and smoothed out the half dozen pages. Then she led Star back to Red and gave them to him.

"Thanks," he said. "I hadn't read it all. What a blow!" He balanced on one crutch. The other was still on the dingy white iron settee outside the cheap little villa. Its shabby blue blinds and withered geraniums showed how little it was cared for. Nancy thought it a horrid, unfriendly place in which to have to live.

She felt a little guilty. Aunt Bell had said to her, on one of the beach parties, "Red Carleton's a nice chap, Nan. Why don't you have him out for the day and show him how beautiful Bermuda really is? He can't be having much fun, staying right in Hamilton." And she'd answered, "Why, yes, Aunt Bell, that's a good idea. I will." But she hadn't. She'd forgotten all about the redheaded, smiling, crippled boy from the States.

"May I?" There was an oblong of sugar in Red's hand.

# Bermuda Holiday

by REGINA J. WOODY

**Out of the kindness of her heart, Nancy invited the lame boy to lunch at Westover. Then—things began to happen!**

Nancy nodded. "I wanted to ask you to come out and spend next Saturday with me," she said. Her mother always allowed her to have a guest on Saturdays.

"I can't." His voice sounded disappointed. "I'm sorry. We're going home tomorrow. But thanks, just the same."

"Oh," Nancy murmured, "that's too bad."

"Nice horse you have here," Red said, longing in his eyes. "I used to ride before—" He banged his crutch with his fist.

Nancy made up her mind. She'd telephone her mother and explain that she'd invited Red to lunch today, and why.

"Come right now," she invited. "I live out in the country. It's lots nicer than town. You could swim and play with the dogs."

"I'd sure like to," he said, "but won't I be a bother?"

"Of course not," Nancy denied flatly. "You'll have to have a carriage, though. It'll be two and six. I'm going to the real estate office, but I'll be back here in fifteen minutes."

"Okay!" Red saluted with his free hand as Nancy rode off quickly. Never had she felt happier. She almost bounced in the saddle. The wind had died down; the sun was warm on her neck, and people were venturing out again, picking up scattered papers and sweeping their sidewalks. Once more the Bermuda street shone golden white in the hot sun, the blue water of Hamilton Harbor mirror-bright under the azure sky.

This was the most important errand with which Nancy had ever been entrusted. She was going to pick up the lease of their beautiful home, Westover, for her mother. That lease meant the renting of the fine old white house, set in rolling lawns on a hillside above the harbor, for a goodly sum. It meant that her father, who was doing rehabilitation work in

It was the first time Mr. Triminger had ever treated her as a valued customer. He went to the safe, and his face was grave as he lifted out some papers and came back to her. Nancy felt sudden misgivings. She wet her lips nervously.

"I'm sorry, Nancy," he said, "but will you tell your mother that Mrs. Brander-Williams decided on a house in Miami, and didn't sign the lease, after all. It's too bad. I could have rented Westover three times this past month, but she assured me she wanted it. Here's the option money."

Nancy took the money. The paper notes crackled like stiffened tissue in her fingers as she folded them awkwardly. The silver shillings shone cold and hard. "Do you think you can rent it to somebody else? Is it too late?"

"We can try," he said, "but it's a big house and the season's really over. I've a prospect this afternoon. Clarry thought you might like to ride along with us. Good idea for you to become friendly with people who are interested in the house. I think you might be able to help me make a deal. They've got a couple of kids."

"But I can't," Nancy was regretful. "I've a guest coming to spend the afternoon."

"Put it off," Clarissa advised briskly. "Explain you have business to attend to."

"That might be a good idea," Mr. Triminger said crisply. "After all, business is business."

Nancy thought a moment. She could still see wistful-eyed Red sitting on that hard iron bench right in the middle of town, his crutches beside him. He'd looked so happy when she had invited him to come out to the house. She just couldn't go back on the invitation, when it was his last day in Bermuda. If he didn't come today, he couldn't come at all. He'd love the dogs, the view, the Easter lilies, a swim, a delicious lunch.

She shook her head. "No," she said, "I guess you'll have to rent it without my help. I haven't any right to go back on this invitation. It's the only time my guest can come." She put the money in her purse and said good-by politely, conscious of their disapproval.

IN the street again, she leaned against Star for a moment, her cheek on his neck. He seemed strong and friendly; he smelled sweet and warm and horsey. She stroked the coarse hair of his mane, and loved the way he pushed back against her hand to return the caress.

Red was waiting for her in a highly varnished carriage drawn by a shiny brown horse with polished hoofs. The sunshade was very clean, and the fringe waved gaily. The wheels had rubber tires. The driver wore plum livery with gold braid and brass buttons. Nancy felt a little worried. This was no two-and-six cab. It looked like a hotel carriage. She moved closer to Red and inquired in a whisper, "Did you ask the fare?"

"All taken care of," Red said, smiling at her. "We're off for a day in the country."

"Oh!" Nancy's lips puckered in surprise. It certainly didn't look like the kind of carriage which tourists living in that shoddy Villa Napoli would hire!

"Mums and Dad will pick me up at five," Red explained as Nancy tightened her reins.

(Continued on page 36)



Star danced skittishly, flickering his hoofs, as the wind whistled

Europe, wouldn't have to worry about bills piling up at home. Nancy tied Star to the ring held up stiffly by the iron Negro boy and marched into Mr. Triminger's real estate office, head high, cheeks pink, eyes sparkling.

Clarissa was there. Wheedling something out of her father, Nancy suspected. Mr. Triminger got up, murmuring polite greetings. Nancy took a deep breath. This was real business.



Sisters under the brim—two perky sailors of gay red straw. One has streamers, and a daisy tucked in at the back; the other sprouts a bow and bud in front. Wear them on the back of your head or tilt them forward. Chanda Whimsies, each about \$15. At Saks Fifth Ave., New York; Neiman Marcus in Dallas; and at The May Company in Los Angeles

*Photographs Courtesy of Millinery Fashion Bureau*



Call it a bonnet or call it a cloche, but you can say it's becoming under any name and over almost any face. The hat is white, with a red-white-and-blue band. By Forester; I. Magnin, New York; L. Magnin, Los Angeles; Maison Blanche, New Orleans

**by JOAN TARBERT**

This one will stick to your head through fair or stormy weather. The hat is smoke gray; the bow, black—and jaunty as a cavalier's feather. All in all, it's a natural to wear with black, gray, or flower-bright colors. This hat, especially good for a long face, is a Yearrounders design, about \$4, and is sold at R. H. Macy, New York.





# for Spring

**S**PRING is the season when a girl's got to have a hat that is a hat, not just something to keep her ears warm!

This year you'll find the shops full of spring bonnets, some demure as a daguerreotype, some with a hint of sophistication. There are halo brims and poke bonnets, peaked crowns and flat ones, and lots of hats with no crowns at all. But hats that fit the head and don't go rolling down the street at the first puff of wind will lead the parade! Next to the bonnet, which has been crowned Queen of the May, the cloche is second in favor. Third in line of style is the sailor.

When you choose your new spring hat, the first consideration should be, "Does it make you look pretty?" The second, "Does it go with your coat and dress or suit?" You'll look pretty if the hat frames your face properly. For instance, a round face can wear one of the new high bonnets. A long, thin face should stick to a hat with width at the sides. Bows under the chin are terribly becoming and feminine and gay, unless your neck is unusually short. Sailors should be worn back on the head of a round-faced girl, forward and cocked merrily over one eye if your face goes to the other extreme.



A wild-rose wreath and a whiff of a veil! Here are signs—sure as the well-known robin—that winter's over. This modified poke bonnet was designed for quiet glamour by Korday. About \$8 at Arnold Constable, New York; The May Co., Los Angeles; and at J. L. Hudson, Detroit

Bow-trimmed felt by Miss America, about \$2, at Gimbel's, New York; Ash Hat Co., Youngstown, Ohio; The Emporium, San Francisco

A straw bonnet by Vic Deb. About \$12 at Lord and Taylor, New York; at J. W. Robinson in Los Angeles; and at Titchie Goettinger, Dallas



This Dunlap Design for Youth features a pixie-peaked crown and brown ribbon band with nailhead trim. About \$5 at Best and Co., New York; The May Co., Los Angeles; and at The Fair, Chicago

Photographs Courtesy of John Wanamaker

For a becoming, flared pep-lum dress, Mary Lou picked an interesting brown and green plaid gingham. This looks well with suit's jacket

A plain brown wool suit is the mainstay of Mary Lou's spring wardrobe. The stand-up collar is simple to make



*Make Them*  
and  
Match  
Them

by KAY HARDY



Brown accessories can be worn with soft aquamarine school dress (above) and with dressy dirndl (at right). This is economical and makes a well-related wardrobe

**C**LEVER girls all over the country are discovering how many more good-looking clothes they can have by making some of them. They have been pleasantly surprised at how easy it is to choose attractive styles from the pattern books, and to buy becoming colors in materials.

They have learned, too, how much better it is to have a related wardrobe, so that one group of accessories, shoes, bag, and hat may be worn with several costumes. The bright ones have noticed that this is what well-dressed older women do, and have decided it is good economics. A well-planned and related wardrobe is one that never lets you down, but is designed to cover any occasion that may arise.

With the sewn-by-herself costumes pictured here, Mary Lou will be ready to go places this spring. She chose brown as the keynote of her wardrobe. It is newly fashionable and young looking and she felt it would go well with her blond hair.

Because the color is in such demand, she had no trouble finding attractive materials in brown, or in colors that harmonize well with it. For instance, when she planned the whole group, like a wise girl, before starting to make even one, she decided that the brown jacket of her suit could also be worn with her light-blue dress of aralac as well as with her print. The jacket is just long enough so that it covers

the peplum when she wears it with the multicolored gingham. She also planned to wear it flung over the shoulders, and accented by a glitter pin on the shoulder, with a full-length brown dance frock she was planning to buy. Her mother thought this a clever idea, for it meant Mary Lou wouldn't need an extra wrap for the few really dress-up occasions, and it would simplify packing for house-party week ends.

For the suit, Mary Lou chose Vogue Special Pattern No. 4649, which, because of its simplicity, has been a best seller for beginning sewers. The skirt is slim and straight—ideal to wear with sweaters or a plaid Eisenhower jacket. She made the skirt first, stitching up the straight side seams, and putting in the zipper according to the directions on the zipper envelope. Then she sewed it to the waistband and had her mother mark an even hemline—mindful that skirts are being worn slightly longer this year. (This is a must for a slim, straight skirt, if you don't want to be embarrassed when you sit down.) After she had stitched seam binding to the edge of the skirt, she turned up the hem.

**T**HE jacket has two pockets, and Mary Lou found these easy to put in, by following pattern instructions carefully. She had a tailor make the many buttonholes on the front, and press the jacket well. The buttons were covered with the same brown wool fabric—more conservative than contrasting buttons for a suit which is to be used as the basis of a wardrobe. The tiny stand-up Chinese collar is young and smart, and easy to make.

For a dress to wear to school and on informal dates, Mary Lou chose McCall pattern No. 6320 and a soft, aquamarine aralac-and-rayon fabric. The sewing instructor in the store where the pattern was bought suggested the saddle stitching in brown around the pockets, the deep armhole, and the "necklace neckline."

This was a very easy dress to make, and is vastly becoming; Mary Lou says she likes the gathers around the waist. They require no fitting, are easy to wear, and becoming to almost anyone.

Mary Lou fell in love with a (Continued on page 46)





Moderately short bob with softly brushed ends. Modeled by brilliant teenage-talk-of-Hollywood, Peggy Ann Garner. You'll be seeing her quite soon in a new picture, "Home Sweet Homicide"

# How Do You Like Your Hair?

by  
**HAZEL RAWSON CADES**



With glasses, a clear brow is usually best. Bangs look cluttery



**A**LL GIRLS (my apologies to Caesar) may be divided into three parts. Or maybe we should say "three groups." First there are the girls (A) who like their hair the way it is. Smallest group. Then there are the girls (B) who do *not* like their hair the way it is. Next in numbers. And third (C) there are the girls who think their hair looks all right, but are always open to suggestions as to how they can do it differently. There are, I find, quite a lot that share this opinion.

Those of you who are in Group A may stop reading right here if you like. For Group B, the "I *can't* do a thing with my hair" girls, this is required reading. Because till you've really tried, you'll never know what you *can* do. Group C, the experimental type, I am sure do not need to be urged to proceed. Because you believe that a new hairdo may not be a necessity, but certainly is fun. There's nothing like it to make you feel different. You know how it is—you shift your part half an inch, and can't understand why all your friends don't say, "What have you done with your hair?"

If you do not like your hairdo, or if you think you'd like a change once in a while, the thing to do is to experiment. But in

order to get satisfactory results, it's a good plan to keep in mind a few basic rules, such as:

## Thick Hair—or Thin?

You must consider your material in styling your hairdo. Thick, coarse-textured hair with a good deal of body is more suitable for smooth tailored jobs like the page boy. If your face seems to need a gentler frame, the ends of the bob may be worn in softly brushed-out curls—provided you are willing to take the trouble to roll them up nights on curlers, and to brush well. Proper shortening and thinning are very necessary in shaping thick hair to fit the head. Thin, fine hair looks more important if it's fluffed a bit. If yours is thick and curly you are lucky, but a mild end permanent often makes a useful substitute for naturally thick hair.

## Big Girl—or Little?

The size of your hairdo should be scaled not only to the size of your head and face, but also to your whole figure. It's a good plan to check with the full-length mirror. A big, bushy mane can

make a large girl look larger and a small girl seem smaller. This year be particularly careful not to wear a bulky hairdo. The shorter, neater haircut is becoming popular, and you won't feel right with too much hair hanging down your back or cluttering your shoulders.

## Have You a Good Part?

Here's where you really can experiment with profit. One rule that hairdressers go by is that the farther to the side you place your part, the wider the top of the head looks. If you want to make the lower part of your face look more slender, this will do it by contrast. Parts should always be straight lines, but they do not have to be straight parts. That may sound a little queer. What I mean is that sometimes you can work out a very becoming hairdo by using a part that goes back diagonally from the center



This is almost too much hair for a little girl



Teen-age cover girl Grace McCanna wears her sleek, dark-red hair in a smooth page boy with bangs which is cut to fit the head and then beautifully brushed into place.



Don't give a build-up to a long slender face



Larry Gordon

of the front hairline. Or a part that starts at one side and goes in at an angle toward the crown of the head. If you are lucky enough to have a pretty widow's peak, don't part your hair in the center; give it a chance to show off. Watch out for cowlicks. Your part will keep its neat look much more easily if you adapt it to the way your hair grows naturally.

#### High-brow or Low Brow?

There's beauty in an uncluttered brow; it's my first choice for the girl with a good front hairline. This year, especially, the smooth-top-back-from-the-face hairdo has the right look. If your brow is not very high, and if the space at the sides, between the eyes and hair, is not very wide, this may be an excellent choice for you. If you wear glasses be particularly careful to keep your forehead clear. Bangs are back in style, it seems, and sometimes they are the right solution for the very high forehead or a difficult front hairline. In general, bangs do not go well with eyeglasses or with heavy, well-marked eyebrows. Try to be pretty sure you're going to like them before you cut them. Remember, too, there are different kinds of bangs—smooth ones like those in the photograph, suit Grace McCanna's sleek page boy. Fluffy ones often go better with a more casual bob.

#### Are You For Braids?

I am partial to pigtails. If you have the kind of hair that makes good braids they

A fuzzy mane will make a round face look even rounder



can be very decorative. If your hair is difficult to keep looking well-set, they can be very useful. Braids lend themselves to all sorts of variations. Pigtails of moderate length may be crossed at the back and tied with bows behind the ears. Long pigtails may be wound around the head with a ribbon or scarf twisted through them—very nice and cool for summer. Difficult front hair may be braided and worn like a half coronet across the front of the head. Front hair may be brought up to the crown of the head, the ends braided and tied with a little bow. Try these variations with your own hair and choose the one that's the most becoming.

#### What's Behind It All?

Of course you have suspected that I'd get to this—I always do. The most important thing about *any* hairdo is that the hair itself shall be clean as clean. Keep that lovely shine in your hair by careful, regular shampooing. And wield that hairbrush. Any hairdo must be trained to keep in line, and this is especially true of a *new* hairdo. It must learn its job before it gives you perfect service—and you're the one to teach it to hold its own.

THE END



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A PARFAIT CREATION



Clear round the world, eggs  
and bunnies belong to Easter.  
Here's why—and also a new  
egg-coloring process for you

In 1887, a White House egg roll-  
ing looked like this. Winners'  
eggs mustn't be cracked or broken

# It's An Old *Easter* Custom

by **GEORGIA LEE LAYTON**

**E**VER wonder why we color eggs at Easter? Ever stop to say to yourself, "How did this custom get started, and what is the meaning of it?" Of course, there's the old fable that the Easter bunny lays colored eggs—but how did that bunny or hare ever hop into the Easter picture in the first place?

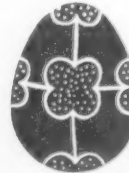
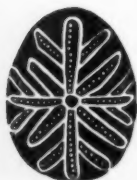
As with every tradition, many interesting stories are to be found about the origin of the colored Easter egg. One ancient legend tells of a brave and lovely queen who had to flee her country with her children and hide in the mountains during a long siege of war. She lamented the fact that she had no candy or fruit to give her boys and girls for special treats and rewards. But she *did* have plenty of eggs—mainly pheasant, grouse, and other birds' eggs—and she decided to boil these eggs with mosses and roots to give them a variety of brilliant colors. Just before Easter the children made nests in the woods, and on Easter Sunday they found five colored eggs in each nest! When one little girl happened to see a hare jump

out of the bushes near where she'd built her nest, she declared that the hare had laid the colored eggs. She kept repeating this until finally they all actually did believe it, and when the war was over, they told the story to all the children in the kingdom. Thus grew one legend of the Easter rabbit, passed on from generation to generation.

**T**HE English have two different folk tales associating hares with Easter. One colorful ritual always observed on Easter Monday was the "Hunting of the Hare"—a gala occasion when the whole town turned out for a full holiday. The mayor and all his officers, dressed in scarlet robes, led the procession to what we would call picnic grounds, where the morning was spent in games and athletic contests. Then it was time for the hunting of the hare. The hounds were given the scent and people lined up to watch the chase, with shouts of applause for the horsemen who dashed over the fields and through forests after the hounds.

Finally, the zigzag trail led back to the mayor's house, where a handsome feast was ready for everybody. Traces of this custom still linger as a holiday held in parts of England on Easter Monday.

The second rite was the "Hare-Pie Scramble," or "Hare-Pie Bank." The origin of this is lost, but it seems that a long, long time ago a piece of land was bequeathed to the rector of each little community, on condition that he and his successors give an annual hare-pie feast on Easter Monday. This was another all-day affair, with feasting and dancing in the streets until time for the big event. Then came a parade, complete with a band of music, and all the young people skipped along in their holiday clothes. The leaders of the parade carried high in the air a replica of a huge, four-foot hare, and immediately behind this came large sacks filled with small hare pies. The curious procession ended at the "Hare-Pie Bank"—a wide, grassy riverbank. There the pies were tossed out of the sacks, and grownups and children alike scrambled





to gather as many as they could—frequently rolling right down the bank into the river in their eagerness!

The hare occupied a very high and honorable place in primitive religion, for in ancient times he was closely associated with witchcraft and black magic. In certain parts of England and northern Europe people today still believe that the hare is a witch in disguise. Since he's magic, they think the hare can bring forth colored eggs at Eastertime. Some of these superstitions seem to have weathered the years—for isn't a magician today generally shown pulling a rabbit out of a hat?

**ACCORDING** to learned historians, it was England that started the egg-rolling contest, and the custom was introduced in Washington, D. C., by Dolly Madison, wife of our fourth President. In the beginning the eggs were rolled down the terraces of the Capitol grounds, the winners being the children whose eggs were neither cracked nor broken in the scramble. But when it was found that the sport injured the grass, the egg rolling was transferred to the larger grounds of the White House.

A description of the very first egg rolling in Washington says that the children sat sedately in long rows on the lawn terraces. Each had brought a basket of gay-colored hard-boiled eggs, and the children on the upper terrace started them rolling to the line next below, and they in turn passed on the ribbonlike streams to others beneath them. These boys and girls scrambled for the hopping eggs, and then hurried panting to the top, to start them down again. As the sport warmed up, those on top, when they had rolled all the eggs they had, finally rolled themselves, shrieking with laughter and in a swirl of curls and ribbons, down the grassy terraces!

Except in time of war, this custom of egg rolling is still observed every Easter Monday on the White House lawn. The gates of the grounds are open from nine until five o'clock, during which time thousands of children roll thousands of eggs in the oldtime contest. As no adult is

allowed on the grounds unless accompanied by a child, some commercially minded youngsters escort grownups into the grounds for a fee of fifteen cents, and then go outside to find others who wish to see the sport at close hand! Uniformed Girl and Boy Scouts, and Girl Reserves, help run off the event, and afterward the Marine Band usually gives a concert.

Although in America we use every imaginable color to dye Easter eggs, in many European countries (where the custom started) only red or red-and-white eggs are symbolic of Easter. The reason for this is associated with the old-world belief that the blood of Jesus colored a basketful of eggs which Mary had put at the foot of the cross, staining them as though with red dye.

In Rumania, the method of creating white designs on red eggs has become a professional art. You might like to try it on your own Easter eggs this year. They draw a freehand design on the egg with a pointed stick or coarse needle dipped in melted beeswax. After coloring the egg in a red solution and allowing it to dry thoroughly, the wax is removed by wiping the egg with a steaming hot cloth, which leaves a white design on a red background.

You can carry out this same process very effectively with several different colors. For instance, the Austrians, Hungarians, and Serbians generally use four—white, yellow, red, and black, starting with the lightest color and ending with the darkest. First draw in wax the design that you want to be white. Then dye the egg yellow. Over this, make in wax the design that you want to remain yellow, and put the egg in a red solution. The parts to be left red should then be covered with wax, and the egg dipped in black dye. Be sure not to remove *any* of the wax until the last dipping is completed. Then wipe it all off at once—and you have a complete, intricate-looking design in white, yellow, red, and black. Of course any color combination may be used—just remember to start with the lightest color. And where will you get the wax? Ask for beeswax in cake form at

(Continued on page 46)



The American Girl

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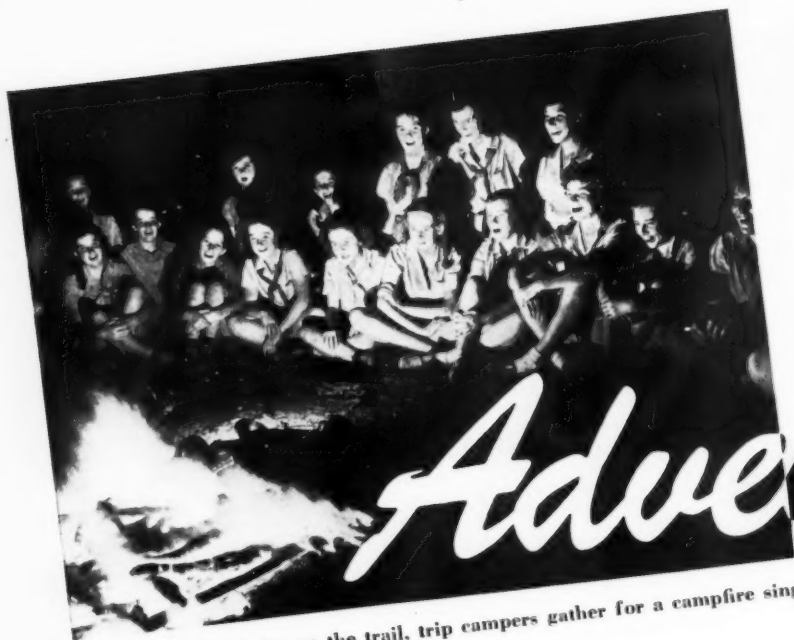


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After a wonderful day on the trail, trip campers gather for a campfire sing

# Trails to Adventure

by HARRIET WARREN

ASK everybody between six and sixty what they consider the two sweetest words in the English language about this time of the year, and they'll answer immediately "Summer vacation!"

And speaking of angels, what's that zooming down on us right now but summer vacation itself, looking—even from a distance of two months—like the happiest, most exciting summer we've seen for years! No wonder the pages of your Latin book get blurry lately, and the dates of the English kings are only a hopeless muddle!

What will summer mean for *you* this year? A wonderful family reunion by the sea or in the mountains? Or does a good vacation spell just boats or horses or tennis—exclusively? Perhaps you're planning to tackle a paying job, at home, on a farm, in a store or office. Maybe you're all signed up for a month or more at an established camp. Good plans, all. But if this is the summer of summers, when trip camping's on your schedule, we envy you most of all!

For trip camping—with a jolly group of gypsy campers using a chain of overnight campsites—is the dessert, the frosting, the tops in camping experience. Whether the traveling's done on foot or horseback, by bike, canoe, or covered wagon, this is a rugged, exciting, hard business—and it can be dangerous business too, for those who don't know all the angles. That's why trip camping is so definitely for seasoned campers—for older Intermediate and Senior Girl Scouts who have mature judgment and a thorough knowledge of the outdoor world.

How's your initiative, your self-reliance, your adaptability to all sorts of new conditions and hardships? How well do

you share responsibility, and get along with others? If you're chosen to be log-keeper, or chief cook and bottlewasher for your group, will you do a good job at it—right through the very last day? Are you a *real* pioneer, or just the armchair variety? Trip camping will tell the whole tale quicker than anybody can say "Jack Robinson." Furthermore, it will bring you close to nature, give you a chance to use all your special skills—and besides, it's great fun! We have the good word of hundreds of experienced Girl Scout trip

campers to back us right up. As a matter of fact, it's all written down in black and white in their trip-camping logbooks—and very good reading they make too.

Take this one, for instance. It tells the story of some Girl Scouts who found an old covered wagon and two faithful iron-gray horses to carry them over highways and byways to camping adventure. Here's an account of an exciting ten-days' canoe trip through a chain of beautiful Adirondack lakes. Next comes the

(Continued on page 30)



A sweet, pine-bough mattress under a cosy, lean-to shelter—perfect comfort!

Photographs by Paul Parker



# How not to be in the dark



Right angle flashlight has plastic case, prefocused light and belt clip. Complete with battery and extra bulb. 11-418 — 1.75

Lightweight grey enamel hand lantern with spotlight and floodlight. 6" tall when handle is up. Takes two or four cells. Government surplus stock.

16-104 Lantern, case only—1.25  
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Square type chestlite, with focusing spotlight, has adjustable neck strap and two cell battery. 11-420 Chestlite, complete — 1.75



**GIRL SCOUTS—National Equipment Service**

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The American Girl



Members of Troop 15, Anderson, South Carolina looking slightly overpadded all in a good cause—the Victory Clothing Drive

Representatives of Troop 45 of Yonkers, New York, opening a school savings account in a National Thrift Week drive



# ALL OVER THE MAP

## Headline News in Girl Scouting

### NOTE TO SENIOR GIRL SCOUTS

*Starting with this issue, the Senior Girl Scout news items formerly printed in "Senior News" (now discontinued) will appear in this department. Send us your news, Senior Scouts—our readers want to know all about the interesting things you're doing.*

● **You never know** what sort of thing will start a group of Girl Scouts off on the trail of a new interest. One Senior troop of Lafayette, Louisiana, went out one day to have their pictures taken and ended up with a burning interest in photography! Luckily for them, their town's best photographer was on their troop committee, and he has shown them how to use various types of cameras and light meters, to make pinhole cameras, develop and read negatives, print and wash pictures. Looking forward to a showing of finished photographs, these Seniors are planning to do still-life color photographs and learn how to mount them artistically. And next on their list is aerial photography! One girl in the troop, who is going to be a hospital technician, is tucking away all the knowledge she can get on reading negatives, because she knows it will help her in her future job.

● **Senior Girl Scouts** of St. Louis, Missouri, have been working for over a year, through their Senior Council representatives, on plans for a Senior conference which will be held this month. All sorts of interesting things are afoot for the conference, the theme of which is "Active Citizenship." The girls themselves will lead "huddle" discussions on such topics as "What Is Good Leadership?" "Problems of Peace" "How to be Happy Though Married." One committee has been enlisting nationally known people from their city to be guest speakers.

● **The 125 Senior Boy and Girl Scouts** who planned and put through a successful week end of sports at Alleghany State Park will tell you how much fun it is when Boy and Girl Scouts work together. It all grew out of three adult-planned get-togethers for Boy and Girl Scouts, carried out by the Chautauqua County Boy Scouts and Jamestown Area and Northern Chautauqua, New York, Girl Scouts, last year. This year the Scouts took over most of the planning themselves. Representatives from each Senior troop in the area, with the help of adult advisers, took the whole responsibility of planning the week-end's activities, which included skiing, skating, tobogganing, and hiking. They had a campfire, attended appropriate religious services. We predict a lot more Boy and Girl Scout fun for Chautauqua County Seniors!

● **All you Girl Scouts** who worked for the Treasure Chest Campaign to send books to children overseas will enjoy the following letter of thanks written by the leader of a Brownie troop in Belgium to Troop No. 138, Grosse Pointe, Michigan:

"I am not a little girl, but a big one!  
"I am Brown Owl of Brownies.

"I thank you very much for your thoughts.

"Our Belgian Brownies will be enjoyed to admire your beautiful books.

"The album made by the Troop 138 is lovely. We shall try to send you one too.

"Perhaps you will write to our Brownies.

"Love! Love! Love!

"From Belgian Brownies."

● **The chances are** that almost anybody in Yonkers, New York, today would testify that the Girl Scouts live up to their ninth law, "A Girl Scout is Thrifty." Revising a twenty-nine year old commemoration that had been a war casualty, the local Girl Scouts and the local banks got together on a campaign to observe National Thrift Week, starting on Benjamin Franklin's birthday. Four Yonkers banks gave advertising space to pictures of Girl Scouts opening troop and school savings accounts and distributing thrift posters, and the Girl Scouts returned the

compliment by distributing coin banks and dime folders to the public in the lobbies of all the branches of co-operating banks during that week. At the same time the Peoples Saving Bank of Yonkers sponsored a Thrift Poster and Essay Contest for the people of that city, and Girl Scouts were in the bank to give out rules to anyone interested in the contest.

● **Remember an article** in our January, 1946 issue titled "Costume Carnival," which was full of ideas for a party to help the Victory clothing drive? Troop No. 15 of Anderson, South Carolina, wrote us that they had followed our suggestions and collected 230 pieces of clothing! Thirteen girls came to the party, wearing layer upon layer of clothes, and between them they rounded up 20 sweaters, 12 blouses, 49 dresses, 57 baby garments, 16 pairs of shoes, and a lot of other things.

Another wonderful record was run up by Brownie Troop No. 114 of Hamden, Connecticut. Twenty-eight girls brought in 580 pieces of clothing, which included 55 coats, 25 pairs of shoes, 50 dresses, and 50 sweaters! During their troop meeting, the Brownies held a contest to see who could put on the most clothes all at once. We think it must have taken the combined efforts of all the other Brownies present to dig out the winner—she had on 40 pieces of clothing!

● **Girl Scouts of Ripley, Michigan,** report that nice things have happened to their troop's treasury. In fact, it's beginning to bulge. Why? Because they were lucky enough to be near a big ski tow—and smart enough to take over an abandoned shack near by, make a kitchen out of one end of it, and serve hot drinks and hot dogs to the skiers. The ski tow didn't operate during the war years, but the boys of the Michigan College of Mining and Technology, in Ripley, opened it up for the college carnival week, and the ski and toboggan races brought out plenty of people, all of them hungry!

● **The first American Airlines** flagship to bring commercial passengers, freight, express, and mail service to Springfield, Missouri, taxied in to the brand-new

municipal airport recently, to be christened *Springfield* by a proud Wing Scout. Other local Girl Scouts marched smartly from the administration building to the big silver ship, where a christening crew of seven Wing Scouts assisted in the ceremony. Our Wing Scout broke a champagne bottle—filled with the Ozarks' White River water—over the shiny new propeller.

● **Perhaps your troop** has already started on plans to make itself into an endorsed International Friendship troop. But if not, ask your leader to give you all the details. The British and French Girl Guide organizations have already launched the plan, and other members of the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts will soon be ready to co-operate. Troops who are interested in, and prepared for becoming International Friendship troops will be linked with a troop or company in the country of their choice just as soon as world events permit. Then, through letters and study, the two troops will be able to develop friendship and understanding, and—who knows—may, some day, even meet and camp together! Certain requirements must be met before you can take part in this project, but they are not hard ones. It must be a troop project, for instance, not an individual one; the whole troop must be sincere in its desire to develop mutual understanding and friendship with the corresponding troop; and it must be willing to carry the project for at least a year.

Of course the idea behind this project isn't new. In fact, during the war years many troops corresponded with troops in other countries, studied their language and customs, and exchanged ideas and small gifts. But this big, new plan will make you an *official* International Friendship troop which sounds like a lot more fun—so much fun that we think the required year will pass all too quickly.

Each month, "All Over the Map" will bring you news of outstanding things being done by Girl Scouts. If your troop has any exciting plans afoot, or has recently undertaken any especially interesting project, write and tell us all the details (send photographs if you have them) so that we can pass the news on in these columns.

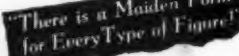


Right: A Senior Boy and Girl Scout party enjoyed by Scouts of Jamestown, New York





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*Maiden Form*



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## (Continued from page 7)

“—make a monkey of me?” His gray eyes were chilly. “That’s okay. It’s Pop I don’t let people make a fool of.”

I was accepting the prize money when a little man in the second row shouted, "Hold on there! I think that's my bird—Lady Vere

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*Courtesy of Collier's*



de Vere, and she's the national champion!"

I stood there, gaping, as a policeman scrambled to the platform and demanded, "All right, kid. Where did you get this chicken that Mr. Randick claims?"

"I f-found her," I quavered. "She was w-wandering around Kentville, and I inquired all over, but nobody claimed her."

"That's possible," Mr. Randick admitted. "I lost her en route to the Kentville show a couple of weeks ago. The identification number is on her leg band."

When Mr. Randick had taken his chicken and the policeman had let me go, Tookie and I started for home, each wrapped in her own misery.

"Dwyer didn't congratulate me on my acquittal," I brooded. "They always do, in the movies."

Tookie followed me into the house. "I guess I'll be going to Orpha's wedding with straight hair," she despaired.

"Where Lois is going you don't even have to have hair," Aunt Sara called out with perverted humor. "The antique man phoned to inquire when she would pick up her purchase."

I turned in a frenzy to Tookie. "Don't just stand there," I stormed. "We'll have to do something!"

Tookie gazed at me with the quiet calmness of despair.

"The sorghum!" I suddenly remembered. "Maybe Dwyer'll buy it." I grabbed the telephone and called the hall where the poultry show was still in progress.

Luckily Dwyer was still there. "Sure I hear you," he growled. "What kind of a mess are you in now?"

I didn't attempt to whitewash myself. I told him about buying Dad's present before the cash was in hand, and gambling away poor Tookie's permanent on the feed. And because I wanted Dwyer to realize the spot I was in, I even admitted purchasing all that sorghum just to impress him.

"Quit bawling," he commanded. "I'll take the stuff off your hands."

"Could you pick it up today?" I cried, delighted.

WHEN Dwyer drove over with the truck, I was stunned to see he'd brought along Mr. Randick. Believing the worst, I moaned. "Have you decided to press charges, after all?"

Mr. Randick's eyes twinkled. "No. Dwyer insists that since I offered a reward for my chicken, this fifty dollars should rightfully go to you and the other young lady. Especially since you bought three sacks of feed to keep my poor Vere de Vere from starving."

I threw Dwyer a grateful look, which is the best you can do when you're all choked up.

Tookie had no such trouble. "Give!" she demanded, the minute Mr. Randick left. "If I dash I can still keep that hair appointment. We'll divide the reward money when I get back."

Not even the relief of knowing that, with Dad's present paid for and my debts all settled, I'd still have five or six dollars left out of the reward money, could equal the lift I got when Dwyer, having loaded the sacks of feed on the truck, called out with a grin, as he drove away. "Be seeing you, Towhead!" Because Dwyer's grin said plainer than words that it no longer mattered that I wasn't a big poultrywoman.

THE END

The American Girl



## Ever know you could fit a windmill into your pocket?

Bet you've often wished you could slip some part of your summer vacation into your pocket.

Or wished that you could take the picnic at the beach or some favorite landmark like this windmill home with you to keep forever.

Well, here's a way you can do just that:

Merely center your favorite scene in your camera's view finder, hold the camera steady, and click the shutter.

Picture-taking is as simple as that when you use Ansco Film. And yet, you get clear, beautiful pictures that transform your favorite beach or windmill into a bright, photographic record. A record to fit into your pocket or paste into your album.

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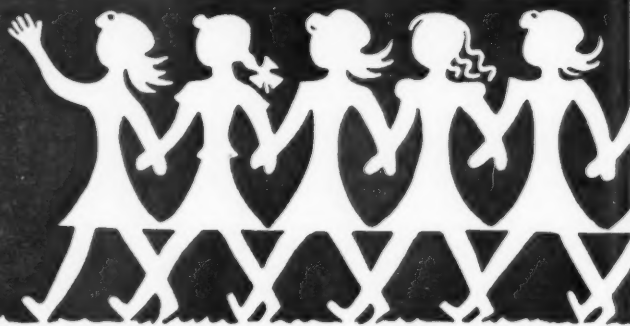
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# IN STEP WITH THE TIMES



by LLOYD WELDON

## The Biggest Bang of All

All eyes will be on Pacific waters during the next few months, for the most momentous series of munition tests in all history—the dropping of two, possibly three, atom bombs on a mighty fleet of empty warships—will take place there!

The explosions will certainly be tremendous. But their reverberations may play second fiddle to the vast reverberations of knowledge that these carefully planned experiments will yield us about the world's most powerful weapon.

The first test will be held in May, near the Marshall Islands in the Bikini Lagoon. Then and there the first bomb will be exploded several hundred feet above the water—and above such target vessels as the veteran and venerable *New York*, the Old Lady of the Fleet, and the *Independence*, a young carrier which has already done yeoman service as a guinea pig in other experiments.

In July, the second bomb is to be exploded on the surface of the water in the same lagoon. And later on it's planned to use a third bomb for a deep-water test, this one out in the open sea.

It's no exaggeration to say that the experiments are gigantic. Some 150 vessels will participate, 97 of which will serve as targets. Nearly 20,000 Army and Navy men will be busy for many months working on all the many phases of the tests. And the estimated cost in dollars? It will run upward of \$100,000,000—and that doesn't include the cost of the bombs themselves. They carry a secret price tag!

Vice-admiral William H. P. Blandy will be organizational chief of the experiments. Already the admiral—once known as just plain Spike—is being called the "Atomic Admiral," and he's nicknamed his staff "The Buck Rogers Division." Formerly he was Chief of Ordnance, the Munitions Department, and during the war was a task-force commander of amphibious landings. On top of all this, he's a very experienced guinea-pig chief, for he commanded the now-lost battleship *Utah* when, for a year and a half, she was bombarded with 10,000 water-filled bombs, 1,000 of which hit her. For those experiments the admiral and his crew remained aboard the *Utah*, but the atomic tests will naturally be handled quite differently. The target ships will ride absolutely unmanned—ghost ships to be sacrificed to scientific research—and all personnel will be required to keep their distance!

What will happen when the atom bombs

go off? Scientists say that anything is possible, but that only a few things are probable. As a spectacle, the test should be fantastic—except that the sea water may very likely instantly vaporize into a huge steam screen through which little will be visible. On the other hand, that steam may become a rain-bow-colored fog, partially composed of fire, rising over a boiling ocean. Huge geysers of water may shoot skyward, resulting in giant waves and a tremendous "shock wave."

It is primarily to study this "shock wave" that the experiments are being run off. What can it do to the warships? The answer to that question will have a great effect on the construction of future navies. Some ships may be squeezed flat as a used toothpaste tube. Others may suffer twisting and swirling. And some may vanish completely. But don't worry about the earth being destroyed in a chain reaction, or the ocean catching on fire. Scientists say such a thing could not happen yet!

## The Rachmaninoff Fund

About two years ago—not long after the death of Serge Rachmaninoff—a truly living

memorial was established in his name. It's a fund to provide competitive scholarships for talented young American pianists, conductors, and composers. Hard to imagine a more fitting way to perpetuate the memory of the great pianist and composer or a better way to continue his lifework, isn't it?

The first competitions, those for pianists, will start this year. In the fall, contests will be held in regions throughout the country, and in the spring of 1947 all the regional winners will gather in New York to compete for the one grand prize—a full musical career all tied up with a bright blue ribbon! Yes, the grand prize winner gets a complete advanced course of musical training—tailored to fit his or her own particular needs, interests, talents, and ambitions—plus opportunities to perform usually achieved by stars only after years of struggling. As for the runners-up for the first prize, they'll be given opportunities to perform in their regions, will be encouraged in every way to pursue their musical careers, and—all in all—stand a good chance of being "discovered."

The contests are open to anyone between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five, and

## Shortie Quiz

### DO YOU KNOW:

1. What is the shortest time in which a jet plane has flown from coast to coast?
2. What is the shortest time in which a commercial plane has flown, nonstop, from Los Angeles to New York?
3. What is the record time made by a race horse on the Kentucky Derby mile-and-a-quarter track?
4. What is the best speed—in miles per hour—made by a man in cross-country racing?
5. What is the average running speed of a giraffe?

### ANSWERS:

1. A Lockheed Shooting Star set the record at 4 hours and 13 minutes on January 26, 1946.
2. A Transcontinental and Western Airline, with 52 passengers aboard, made it in 7 hours and 27 minutes.
3. The record of 2 1/4 minutes, set by Whirlaway in 1941, is still to be broken.
4. The record is 22 and 8/10 miles per hour.
5. That animal cruises along at approximately 32 miles an hour—about half a mile a minute.

the tests—rigorous but fair—are designed to reward only true talent, not mere promise. One of the rules of the Rachmaninoff Fund is that should it so happen that only second-rate talent appears during the competitions, no prizes at all will be awarded. Thus the honors will be given on the basis of absolute standards—not simply because one performance is better than the next.

In 1947, competitions for conductors will begin and, in 1948, the young composers are to present themselves. All the contests will be held under the same general conditions and rules.

If you want to know more of the details of these contests—perhaps with an eye to entering one yourself—you're invited to write direct to Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, Symphony Hall, Boston, Massachusetts.

### New England Junket

It was in the summer of 1944—almost two years ago—that Dr. Ritchie Low, a Vermont Congregational minister, set in motion a plan to improve race relations on a "natural basis." He invited a handful of Negro children from New York's crowded Harlem to spend two weeks with white families on the farms and in the villages of the northern part of his State.

The visiting children, all between the ages of nine and twelve, were chosen by the Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem. The Harlem church paid the round-trip train fare, but the New England hosts and hostesses paid all the other expenses for the children.

It all worked out so well and everybody had such a good time that last summer many New Hampshire and Connecticut homes opened their doors, too, to the young visitors from Harlem, and during the winter some of the young New England hosts and hostesses were escorted to New York, to return the visits of their Harlem friends. This coming summer some ninety Harlem children will live with New England white families. And, in addition, Dr. Low hopes to persuade a group of Chinese boys and girls to go along, too.

Dr. Low calls his plan "aggressive good will." The idea, he says, is not to regard people as white and yellow and brown, but as human beings—fellow Americans to be understood and appreciated. He knows it takes a good deal more than rules and regulations and resolutions to understand your fellow citizens!

### He's Slinging the Slang

When your brother comes back from the Army and starts off by saying "I'm all browned off on formations. I'm going to stay in the sack until noon chow and then give a snow job to some VIP's" don't be unduly alarmed. He's just giving you a G.I. preview of his plans for tomorrow.

He uses the word "formations" because that's the Army term for almost anything, from reveille to retreat, that the boys were called out for—and by "browned off" he means he's good and fed up with them. The "sack" refers to bed, because a mattress was nothing but a mattress cover, which looked and felt like a sack. "Noon chow," of course, means lunch, and when you give someone a "snow job," that means you tell them all about yourself, most likely bragging a little. As for VIP's—they're Very Important People! Clear?

THE END

The American Girl



*Goldwyn Girl*

### and her Glamor Routine

● True to the Goldwyn tradition, Virginia Thorpe is lovely and talented. A statuesque blonde. Dolled up here as a Sunflower Dairymaid for the new musical picture, "The Kid from Brooklyn." Being a movie starlet, Virginia knows the glamor routine.

Says Virginia, "Looking pretty all the time is largely a matter of living right. I believe in lots of sleep. Usually get more than eight hours.

I exercise, too—no matter how crowded my day. Tennis, swimming, sailing and archery all appeal to me.

"As for groceries—three good meals a day. Breakfast included! A lovely meal, isn't it? Maybe I wax so fondly because my breakfast usually includes Wheaties with milk and fruit. A big bowlful. Wheaties are crisp and on the sweet side. They taste like just what you're hungry for first thing in the morning! Flakes of whole wheat, too. I figure that's why they help to give me that contented well-fed feeling."

Won't you start your breakfast tomorrow with milk, fruit and Wheaties?

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MINNEAPOLIS KNITTING WORKS

# Knit'ns

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"Hi, Marge . . . wait until you see what Sis and I got today! 'M' Knit'ns . . . you know, the sleek knitted\* undies all the gals have been raving about! And I'm not kiddin' when I say they're comfortable. Golly, I was getting tired of kid styles, and of course, adult styles are just too, too stuffy for us. Sure . . . I got some swell cotton ones for sports, and every day, and some elegant rayons for dress . . . just dunk 'em and dry 'em . . . no work at all! Get some 'M' Knit'ns . . . you'll just love 'em!"

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For Girls  
to Sixteen



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## Trails To Adventure

(Continued from page 22)

log of a horseback trip taken by Scouts through caverns and canyons in the American southwest. And how about this one—the story of a biking group that pedaled over a hilly New England hostel loop? Or the saga of some Senior Scouts in Washington, D. C., who borrowed an idea from the British International Service Guides and built their own trek cart?

But let's say your troop feels that nothing will ever take the place of hiking, and that you and nine of your troop friends are going to do your trip camping on foot this summer. Let's say that your troop leaders have agreed to go with you for the whole four nights and five days in the outdoors, that your parents have given their consent, and that the date for the trip has even been set. Well, what are you doing about it now? Sitting and waiting for the big day to arrive—just twiddling your thumbs, more or less? That's the wrong approach! For between now and summer there's a great deal of planning and preparing and equipping which must be done, if you're going to have a really successful trip-camping experience.

First of all—and ever so thoughtfully—you must plan your itinerary. That means sitting down with your friends and deciding—voting, perhaps—on exactly what kind of a trip yours is to be. Does the majority want to specialize in mountain climbing, or is the sea the chosen destination? Or would you all rather follow a flat, fertile valley to camp beside some famous lake or see the sights of an historic village? Next, how will you travel—cross-country, or by woodsy path, or dirt road? And will your trail to adventure start right at your own back door, or will you take a bus, a boat, or a train to your take-off point?

This part of the planning calls for lots of maps. If there's a hiking club in your neighborhood, its members will undoubtedly be glad to provide these—along with all kinds of good advice. If you live in the East, write to the Appalachian Mountain Club at 5 Joy Street, Boston, Massachusetts, for maps and literature on its lovely and convenient trail, which extends over the eastern mountain ranges from Maine to Georgia. For information on similar western trails, write to the Sierra Club, 1050 Mills Tower, 220 Bush Street, San Francisco, California. Then, too, you can always send to the Forestry Department at your State House for United States geological survey maps, which show in accurate detail every hill and valley—every marsh, brook and landmark. There may be a slight fee for the material these last three organizations send you, but the investment is a good one.

**P**LANs for your route must include exactly where you'll make overnight stopovers. There can be nothing hit-or-miss here—you must know in advance in just what hostel or established campsite or brookside clearing you'll lay your heads each night. Once this has been decided, you'll find that some of your council or troop committee members will do a little advance scouting, to investigate and okay these sleeping spots. In laying your trail and in picking your campsites, never be overambitious. Five to seven miles, depending on your load and your terrain, is just about right for an average daily stint.

Keep your schedule elastic, for remember, swimming holes will beckon, and there'll be



lots of interesting things to see along the wayside—a boatbuilding shop, perhaps a summer theater, a pottery, a sweet-smelling dairy barn to explore.

No, don't set out to break mileage records, for what good is travel if the travelers' minds are only on their pedometers? Intelligent wayfarers always study up beforehand on the territory through which they plan to travel. They find out as much as they can about the people who live there, what they do for a living or for fun, what their special customs are, where their ancestors came from. They learn about the countryside, too. Is it tobacco-growing country, dairy land, or a region rich in mines? What kinds of birds, flowers, trees, and animals will they see there? And what force of nature left these drumlin hills, these curious piles of pudding stone? Your leaders, your librarian, and local chambers of commerce can help you find books, pictures, and pamphlets on all this. Why not divide your trip-camp group into informal study teams, each to report on one aspect of your trip's region at, say, a late May meeting? And why not ask one member—an artistic one—to draw up a working sketch map of the final itinerary? It'll be useful, all right—and you can frame it next fall.

But what about you? Are you in shape for trip camping? All right, maybe you *did* do a five-mile stretch in an hour and a half, with no breaks, last summer. But that was many months ago. Better build up your pace again and—gradually—get your hiking muscles in tone. For one thing, why not get in the habit of walking all, or part way, home from school from now on? For another, why not suggest more Saturday hikes for your Scout troop? Start with a two-mile walk for a picnic lunch at some historical point, per-

haps; then let other, longer hikes follow—with plenty of cook-outs. And we suggest at least one week-end troop camping trip, at the beginning of the summer, to a primitive campsite, just to remind you of the feel of a pine-bough mattress!

Actually, this sort of an organized brush-up will contribute more than you'll realize to the comfort and joy of your summer trip-camping. It will remind you of lots of details the winter winds have swept from your mind: that an easy, swinging step, with both arms free, is best; that you should wear good old dungarees, comfortable, stout shoes, and undarned woolen socks; and that the way to pack your knapsack is to make a list of your minimum necessities and then cut it in half! Senior girls, by the way, should limit their load to eighteen or twenty pounds. Nothing sissy about that, either, for even the Army weigh in with their packs, you know.

**THESE** practice trips are useful, too, because they give you a chance to brush up on your camp cookery—not only the fires and stoves, but menus as well. Now—not later—is the time to do your experimenting with the powdered eggs and milk; the dehydrated potatoes, apples, and carrots; the concentrated soups and ready-mixed biscuits that you can pick up nowadays at almost every country grocery store. But don't neglect your old stand-bys—chipped beef, pancakes, kabobs, Spanish rice, Hungarian goulash, and all the other specialties of the trail.

Now for your luggage! Have you heard that you can spot a good camper by her equipment? Heed that saying, then, and in the next few weeks, start getting yours together. See what you've got and how it looks. Is the knapsack's handle broken? Or has

your camping baggage mysteriously disappeared—via Junior's cub den? Why not make some brand-new equipment for yourself? A rainy April week end or two, and a few inexpensive materials, are all you'll need. We recommend especially the following three items, and will gladly mail you—free for the asking—illustrated work sheets with full and explicit how-to-make instructions. Since each piece of equipment has its own instruction sheet, please order by number (1, 2, or 3)—and we ask you to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Our address: The American Girl Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

1. A simple, sleeveless, hip-length hiking vest, based on a tried-and-true Army style. It's made of denim or canvas, is strongly bound, and is equipped with many roomy pockets for distributing the weight of food packages and such personal indispensables as extra socks, light raincoat, bathing suit, toothbrush, soft-brimmed cap, and sunburn lotion.

2. A canvas or denim regulation hiker's knapsack, 17 inches deep, with reinforced shoulder straps and a generous flap. This is essential equipment, and it's fun to make.

3. A light, wooden pack frame, curved to fit the back comfortably, for you who are handy with hammer and nails to make. Lash your blanket roll, duffel, or knapsack to this frame, strap it to your shoulders, and hit the road!

If the day is set, it's sure to arrive—and you'd best be ready to meet it. Turn to, then, and shape up for trip camping! Over hill and dale you'll go, following the trail to adventure that falls beyond the hill and zig-zags through the lush green woodland. Have the time of your life!

THE END

## "You don't have to love your neighbor"

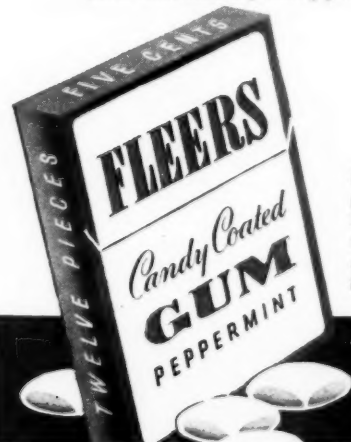
says **ALAN LADD**

starring in "THE BLUE DAHLIA," a Paramount picture



"If he's a right guy, you like him; if not, you don't. The important thing is to judge people as individuals . . . by their words and deeds, not by their religion or race or color. Give him a chance to show his stuff...the same chance you'd want!"

One of a series of messages presented by Fleer's in the interest of better understanding among families, friends and nations.



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# Speaking of MOVIES

by

**TAMARA ANDREEVA**



**DEVOTION**, the story of the famous writing Brontë sisters, with Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid in the leads, is somber fare but well worth seeing. It is historically true to the smallest detail of dress, to the tiniest mannerism of behavior and speech, and the acting is superb. Supporting actors include Olivia de Havilland, Nancy Coleman, and fat man Sidney Greenstreet.



On the lighter side is **CLUNY BROWN**, the story (taken from a recent best-selling novel) of a plumber's niece who ventures into England's high society, creating quite a few heart-flickers and social upsets. Charles Boyer plays the part of the radical Adam Belinsky; Peter Lawford that of the conventional young Englishman, Andrew Carmel; Jennifer Jones stars as Cluny.



The fourth in a series of "roads" pictures, **THE ROAD TO UTOPIA** starring Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour, leads in quite a different direction from Morocco or Zanzibar—this time it's Alaska! No sarongs for Miss Lamour, you think? Oh, yes indeed—a fur-lined one! Crosby and Hope are kept hot in the Arctic by bewhiskered villains, and it's plenty funny.



Gene Tierney and Vincent Price create a lot of excitement and chills in **DRAGONWYCK**, a melodrama of the eighteen hundreds laid against the background of rural New York State. There is murder and near-murder in it; the devotion of a little crippled servant; and the generous love of a modest doctor, all making a story that keeps one's eyes glued to the screen.

**J**ERRY WALD, producer of **HUMOR-ESQUE**, saw Joan Crawford come on the set wearing a profusely beflowered chapeau. "Hm," quipped Wald, "now I know who wears the plants in your family!"

★ A little black lamb is the next big star of a forthcoming Walt Disney production, **MID-NIGHT AND JEREMIAH**. It will be a technicolor cartoon, with some live and some cartoon characters. Donald Duck feels very glum, because he may have to forsake the game of blowing bubbles on Disney's back lawn and go to work in this picture, too. "Life," he says, "is just a hat with a brick underneath." Incidentally, the famed Disney characters now have new rivals—George Pal's "Puppetoons." They are Jasper, a little colored boy who spends most of his time in a watermelon patch; Rusty, an adventurous redhead always wearing drop-seat blue pajamas; a scarecrow; and a talking crow.

★ One of the typical Joan Davis witticisms in the current production of **GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS** is her brief speech to a mirror. She looks at her reflection in the glass and sighs gustily, "My, how this mirror has aged!"

★ Peter Lorre, the natural-born horror man who chills you in eerie dramas, originally aspired to become a great banker. He became an actor because he wiggled his ears at his bank boss, mulelike, and the humorless gent promptly fired him.

★ Leon Gordon's eight year old daughter Gloria received the nicest birthday present recently—a part in her producer-father's picture, **THE GREEN YEARS**. Gloria was allowed to do the part because she pledged that she would ask for no other acting parts until after she finishes college. So, for one entire happy morning, Gloria, before the movie cameras, did her one scene for years to come.

★ Something new in sports jewelry was devised by juvenile star Jane Powell. The fifteen year old Miss Powell purchased several cat collars—narrow leather straps equipped with silver jingle bells. One is red, one green, and one blue. She cut them to size and wears them on her wrists with sports costumes.

★ Filippa, a sculptress and artist who left Europe for America during the war, has captivated Hollywood with her unusual ceramic creations. A new idea in ceramic jewelry she has developed is "Wear your favorite painting." She decorated buttons, brooches, and medallions with faithful miniatures of her patrons' favorite works of art. She also makes small sculptured masks of movie stars for themselves and their friends.

# Don't fight the calendar

## OUTSMART IT!



GIRLS who really know the answers, find they are having plenty of fun, even during "difficult days," instead of just sitting around being sorry for themselves.

There's no need to worry about the perfectly natural and normal process called menstruation. You'll keep comfortable and confident in spite of the calendar—with Kotex\*.

For Kotex stays soft while wearing, has patented, flat tapered ends that eliminate any revealing lines, and is made with an exclusive safety center that prevents "accidents."

### Read this helpful booklet

All the why's and wherefore's of menstruation are clearly explained for you in the grand booklet "As One Girl To Another" . . . and a lot of old-fashioned myths exploded once and for all. You'll find a helpful list of do's and don'ts to guide you and a convenient calendar so you can make your plans intelligently.

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*As one girl to another*







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# OFF THE RECORDS

Record stuff about singers, baton wavers,  
music matter, platter chatter. . . .

by **JOEY SASSO**

**I**F JOHNNY BOTHWELL, the handsome alto saxophonist, isn't America's favorite on that instrument, he's very close to it, having finished second and third in several nationwide popularity polls. This Gary, Indiana, boy started with the piano at fourteen. Then one night he tuned in on what he thought was a short-wave program from Holland, featuring a band and a saxophone player. "Boy, those Dutchmen can really play," he exclaimed. At the end of the number the announcer said: "You've been listening to Duke Ellington's band from Harlem!" But Johnny was so impressed with Hodge's out-of-this-world sax soloing in Duke Ellington's band that he switched to the tenor saxophone; later he changed to the smooth-flowing alto saxophone. He has since bought a reed organ, whose sound, he claims, inspires him, and he uses this instrument for writing arrangements.

After three years at Indiana University, Johnny gave up plans for a medical career to become a professional musician. He has been featured with the big bands—Woody Herman, Tommy Dorsey, Gene Krupa—and for a considerable time was arranger and soloist with Boyd Raeburn. He has recorded for Signature many of his own compositions, including "John's Other Wife," "Dear Max," "Now I Know," "Sleepy Alto."

"The 3 Suns," one of the much-applauded instrumental trios of the day, have recently celebrated their fifth anniversary at the Hotel Piccadilly Circus Lounge in New York City, where they are still packing them in. The great and the near great of the entertainment world can be seen there nightly, listening to this popular team of Morty Nevins, accordion; Artie Dunn, Hammond organ and vocals; Al Nevins, electric guitar. Their theme song, "Twilight Time," which was heard on all the fighting fronts via the V-disks they made for the armed forces, is one of the outstanding current tunes, and they've written another great tune, "It's Dawn Again," which they recently recorded for Majestic. Their best-selling platter at the moment features these two tunes back to back. "The 3 Suns" are heard three times a week, coast to coast.

Count Basie returned to the Kate Smith hour recently as a guest star, after an absence of six months. Basie will do five straight shows on the Smith broadcast starting in May, when he settles down in New York for a run at the Roxy Theater.

Male vocalist honors with Sam Donahue's new band, which goes into rehearsal shortly, will be handled by Bill Bassford, recently discharged from the Navy. Donahue discovered Bassford on one of his overseas tours with his Navy band. Billy Eckstine and his orchestra will soon be heard in a series of "Spotlight Bands" guest appearances, via Mutual, from various military centers throughout the country. Jo Stafford, whose Capitol records and "Supper Club" shows have put her right at the head of the class among girl singers, will tour theaters soon in response to public demand. She and Frank Sinatra have won first place for the third consecutive time in the male and female vocalist division of the nineteenth semiannual Martin Block "Make-Believe Ballroom" poll. Jo received 22,870 votes, and in second place was Dinah Shore, with 10,690. Sinatra topped with 32,680 votes, Perry Como came second with 11,420, and Bing Crosby third with 11,360.

Singing maestro Billy Eckstine, winner of the Esquire Award as the outstanding new male vocalist of the year, will receive the award shortly on a coast-to-coast air show. . . . Buddy Johnson, creator of "Walk 'Em Rhythm," and his fast-rising young orchestra will return shortly to the air waves in a repeat engagement at the famous Savoy Ballroom in New York City. . . . Count Basie's next Columbia release will present the Jump King's version of the new song "Patience and Fortitude," which is the radio theme of former Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia of New York. On the other side of the disk will be a new boogie-woogie by the Count, "The Mad Boogie."

## RECORD SESSIONS (Popular)

**Patience and Fortitude . . . Jump Call . . .**  
Benny Carter . . . DeLuxe . . . Benny Carter makes his debut on the DeLuxe label. Voted year in and year out as the top alto-saxophone man in the country, Benny and his famous band do two numbers in a manner that will delight his fans. Lyrics and tune of "Patience" sound like the stuff of which hits are made, and this first recording of it by Benny and his smooth outfit will do it no harm. The plattermate is a fast jump number which offers the band an excellent opportunity to demonstrate its ability in both solo and ensemble work.



**Dopus Opus . . . Hot Fudge . . . Blow Joe**  
**Blow . . . Jay Walker's Blues . . . Slim Coates**  
 . . . 4 Star . . . Here are four sides with fine  
 spot vocal renditions by Slim Coates, sup-  
 ported by such instrumental stars as Zutty  
 Singleton, drums; Red Callendar, bass; Char-  
 lie Davis, piano; and Gus Bivonis, clarinet.

**Snap Your Fingers . . . Cotton Tail . . .**  
**Bobby Sherwood . . . Capitol . . . Bobby**  
 Sherwood, who has made no records for sev-  
 eral months, is back on wax with a new band,  
 and displays some novel ideas on the first side  
 of this record. The tune features a clever  
 audience participation angle (*a la* "Deep in  
 the Heart of Texas") and Sherwood blasts  
 away with plenty of solid trumpet work.  
 Bobby shows that he can hold his own on the  
 vocals, too. The reverse side is one of the  
 most outstanding instrumentals Sherwood has  
 waxed for Capitol. It's even better than  
 "Elk's Parade." Bobby's hot trumpet pre-  
 dominates throughout, but the rest of the  
 band is well "grooved" in their rendition of  
 this Duke Ellington composition.

**You Can Cry on Somebody Else's Shoulder**  
**. . . I Wish I Could Tell You . . . Skip Farrell**  
 . . . Capitol . . . Skip Farrell's romantic bar-  
 itone voice, which clicked so well with Cap-  
 itol's "Love Letters" and "Homesick That's  
 All," scores again with the new, fast-moving  
 "You Can Cry On Somebody Else's Shoul-  
 der." This is one of the best rhythm tunes to  
 come up for the past few months. Frank  
 DuVol, newcomer to the Capitol label, sup-  
 plies a rich and lively musical background.  
 From the 20th Century-Fox "Wake Up and  
 Dream" comes what may be one of the big  
 ballad tunes of 1946, "I Wish I Could Tell  
 You." Skip's romantic treatment is sure to  
 capture a large following. Frank DuVol's  
 colorful string background blends perfectly  
 with Skip's individual styling to put this disk  
 high in the "Hit Parade."

**You Are Too Beautiful . . . Wave To Me**  
**My Lady . . . George Paxton . . . Majestic . . .**  
 Paxton and the band come through with a  
 couple of smooth renditions. In the first,  
 Alan Dale handles the vocals nicely. The  
 reverse features the singing of Johnny Bond  
 and the Five Lynns, with a fine assist by the  
 Paxton band.

**I'll Remember April . . . Ill Wind . . .**  
**Johnny Bothwell . . . Signature . . . This is**  
 the kind of disk that will delight Bothwell  
 devotees. Both sides are swing. The first is  
 a strictly 1946 arrangement of an old popular  
 tune, dressed up with an A-1 alto sax solo by  
 the maestro. The plattermate is enhanced by  
 Johnny Bothwell's brilliant instrumental  
 work. The musical setting is excellent on  
 both sides of the disk.

**Pennies From Heaven . . . Rose of the Rio**  
**Grande . . . Bobby Hackett . . . Melrose . . .**  
 Hackett is at his best in these, with a solid  
 trumpet solo, aided by top jazz men: Vernon  
 Brown, trombone; Joe Dixon, clarinet; Deane  
 Kincaide, baritone sax; Dave Bowman, piano;  
 Carl Kress, guitar; Bob Haggart, bass; George  
 Wettling, drums. Both of these show hit  
 potentialities.

**The Trouble With Me Is You . . . John's**  
**Other Wife . . . Johnny Bothwell . . . Signa-**  
 ture . . . On the "A" side, Johnny Bothwell  
 leads off with a smooth solo, in an excellent  
 arrangement. The flipover is swingy, and  
 the maestro's fine sax soloing makes for easy



## Paired for Action

(AND ADMIRATION!)

For pedal-pushers, the perfect sport combination—smoothly  
 fitted, clean cut and non-fussy in the tub—a topper of green and white  
 striped cotton and slacks of sturdy green twill. Both in sizes 10-20.  
 8-264 Striped cotton basque shirt—1.40; 8-118 Slacks—3.50

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listening all the way. The band offers solid backing on both sides.

**I've Got the World On a String . . . Happy Medium . . . Hot Lips Page . . . Melrose . . .** Hot Lips Page does the vocal on the first side and plays a hot trumpet on the reverse. Page has good support from a group which includes Earl Warren, alto sax; Dave Matthews, tenor sax; Hank Jones, piano; Slam Stewart, bass; "Big Sid" Catlett, drums.

**Robin Hood . . . Angelina . . . Louis Prima . . . Majestic . . .** This is a re-issue of Prima's two biggest sellers, back to back. The first is a jump tune and the reverse is an Italian lullaby done in a fast tempo. The vocals on both sides are done as only Louis can do them, in the well-known Prima shouting style.

## CLASSICAL

**Beethoven:** "Leonore Overture" No. 3, Op. 72-A. **Beethoven:** "Prometheus Overture," Op. 43. Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra . . . Victor Showpiece Album. "Fidelio," Beethoven's only opera, was first performed in 1805 under the title "Leonore." The Overture played at the premiere is now known as "Leonore, No. 2." After its debut, the opera was withdrawn, shortened, and restaged with a new overture, "Leonore, No. 3, Op. 72-A," and it is this version that has been recorded by Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra in a new Showpiece album. Just to con-

found the confusion, there are two other "Leonore" overtures, but the "No. 3" is by all odds the most frequently performed in concert. Coupled with it as the fourth side of this Showpiece album is the maestro's recording of the less-known "Prometheus Overture" to a ballet by Beethoven, which was produced in Vienna with great success in 1801. Musically, the "Prometheus Overture" takes on additional interest from the fact that there are passages in it which the Master of Bonn later elaborated in both the *Eroica* and *Pastoral Symphonies*.

**Verdi:** "Questa O Quella" (*The One Is As Fair As the Other*) from Act I of "Rigoletto." "Nessun Dorma" (*None Shall Sleep*) from Act III of "Turnadot." Jussi Bjorling, tenor, with orchestra, Nils Grevillius, conductor . . . Victor. One of the pleasant aspects of the first postwar season at the Metropolitan opera has been the return of the famous Scandinavian tenor, Jussi Bjorling, who received a royal welcome in "Rigoletto" and various other operas in which he used to appear at the Met before the war. By a happy coincidence, Victor, only a few weeks ago, received the masters of a ten-inch single disk, recorded abroad by the tenor and an orchestra under the direction of Nils Grevillius. On this Bjorling sings the "Questa O Quella" (*The One Is As Fair As the Other*) from Act I of "Rigoletto," and "Nessun Dorma" (*None Shall Sleep*) from Act III of Verdi's less well-known music drama "Turnadot."

THE END

## Bermuda Holiday

(Continued from page 13)

The driver knew Westover, and his horse stepped out with prancing legs, head held high. His feet clip-clopped briskly. Nancy sat straight, head up, heels down; but not even the green hills, the pink-and-white sails on the shimmering silver sea, or the star-studded, crimson poinsettia hedges could make her forget that Westover was not rented.

Tiny white houses, smiling colored children, the fragrant, salty air at the turn of the harbor road; none of it made her feel any better. The lease wasn't signed—the prospect of another tenant so late in the season wasn't good. Her mother would be badly disappointed. She hated to be the bearer of such unhappy news.

Then she squirmed a little in the saddle, and Star turned his head and looked at her. She had a right to squirm. She'd forgotten to telephone her mother that she was bringing a guest. Perhaps she should have put Red's visit off entirely and gone with Clarissa. After all, her duty really was to her father and mother, not to a crippled boy she scarcely knew. She wasn't quite sure that what she had done was right, and she felt very uncomfortable.

She left Red sitting on the terrace overlooking the harbor, with the two dogs, Prince and Princess, at his feet. He looked happy and comfortable.

"Run along about your business," he said. "I'm okay."

Nancy felt better after she'd talked to her mother. "There was nothing else you could do," Mrs. Davenport said firmly. "You had invited him, and you couldn't go back on an invitation. Maybe we just weren't meant to rent the house—it's the second time a deal has fallen through this season. Don't worry, dear; I'm glad you brought the boy home. We'll manage."

AND she did. Lunch was delicious. Cold salmon, pink and firm, with rich yellow mayonnaise. Hot biscuits and golden honey. Potato salad and iced tea. The cake was extra-special Lady Baltimore, bought at the church bazaar. It was rich and full of delicious fruits and nuts.

"It's the first time I've really enjoyed eating since I was sick," Red declared as they left the table and went out on the broad terrace. Nancy flopped on a long chair and Red settled himself on the wide swing, his crutches beside him.

"I used to ride," he said, and looked enviously at Nancy. "You look well on a horse," he added. "Sort of as if you belonged."

Nancy smiled. "Dad says I was practically born riding. I'd rather ride than eat or sleep."

"Same here," Red's voice was eager. The afternoon slid by happily. They played croquet. Even with the handicap of his crutches, Red beat Nancy every game. "You're good," Nancy said. "I thought I could play."

"I used to play tennis and golf," Red told her, "and I was learning polo. A ball's my meat."

"But riding is your favorite, isn't it? Would you like to ride Star?" Nancy asked the question resolutely. Red was her guest, and she wanted to make him happy. Poor boy, to be going back to that horrid, noisy, dirty villa in the middle of town, and then home

(Continued on page 41)

## AM I PUZZLED?



by DR. HARRY LANGMAN

At the Easter lawn party three boys, Albert, Bruce, and Clarence, were to give an exhibition of dancing with three girls, Dorothy, Evelyn, and Frances, as partners.

During the dance, Clarence whispered to his partner that Dorothy looked as if she were sore at her partner, because he had stepped on her toe.

In the intermission Albert asked Frances' partner for his spare handkerchief, but Clarence offered his instead.

With this information, can you determine who was each boy's partner?

### Start with

Drop the S, add a P, mix and get  
Then drop an E, add a D, mix and get  
" " the T, " an A, " " "

### E A S T E R

- - P - - -  
D - - - -  
- - - - D -

### Now start again with

Drop an E, add an I, mix and get  
Then " the T, " a P, " " "  
" " " E, " an N, " " "  
" " " A, " a G, " " "

### E A S T E R

- - - I - -  
- R - - - -  
- P - - - -  
- - - - G

In each case, every group of dashes on the right represents a six-letter word. Some of the letters are already indicated in proper position. Can you fill in the rest? Turn to page 50 for the answers.



# College Girls

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## Official Girl Scout Shoes

It's not an official shoe unless

it is marked "Girl Scout"







### High Falls

GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA, BRITISH GUIANA: I have been meaning to write to you ever since the wonderful change in your magazine. It always was my favorite magazine, and now I like it more than ever.

I have two pen friends in the United States and one of them thought that British Guiana might be like the "movie tropics." No such luck! It is a very ordinary place, but has the highest waterfall in the world—the Kaieteur Falls, which are in the interior. The Indians call the fall "Kaituk." Years and years ago the old, weak Indians used to go over the falls in a canoe; the idea being that anyone who was not useful to the Indian community should not live! I do not think that this is still practiced.

I do hope that you will continue the Lucy Ellen stories and tell us something about her married life.

Once again I must congratulate you on the marvelous change in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

MARY E. GROVER

P.S. I mentioned about the Kaieteur Falls because some people think that Niagara is the highest falls.

### We Are a Help

HAGERSTOWN, INDIANA: I am a regular reader of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and as such, feel free to voice the opinion of an eleven year old.

Your magazine is definitely improving! The articles are a great help both to our homework and our Scout work. The stories are real attention holders. As for the fashions, they are super, too. Even *Penny For Your Thoughts* offers stimulating reading, especially if one enjoys an argument.

I am writing this letter so you may know that some of your younger readers approve and enjoy the new and better *AMERICAN GIRL*.

MARGOT MARLATT

### Louisiana Heard From

COLFAX, LOUISIANA: I have just finished reading the February issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and couldn't wait to write and thank you for such a wonderful magazine.

Some girls wrote and asked for more stories of Lucy Ellen. I see that you have a story of her this issue. Boy, am I glad! I hope there are more. I also like *Clover Creek*, *Glory In the Dark*, and *Captain Kit*. I wish there were more jokes and letters instead of so many articles. I would like to suggest that

some poems and puzzles be added, and I am sure that other girls would enjoy them.

I am almost twelve years old and like to read more than anything else. I've been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for a little more than a year.

I have never seen a letter from Louisiana since I started taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and hope that my letter will be printed.

Once again I wish to thank you for a more wonderful magazine, and hope it will continue to be.

WANDA ANN LA COUR

### Hair Styles

CLARKSVILLE, ARKANSAS: Each month when I get my *AMERICAN GIRL* I read it the first chance I get. I start at the front and read through to the back, enjoying everything. I like fiction and the fashion articles the best.

At school in my Home Economics class we are studying personal grooming. And we are using some of the articles published in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. What we are most concerned about is our hair. An article on correct hair styles would be very helpful and interesting.

I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for three years and my sister took it four years before I did.

I can hardly wait for my next issue to come so I can read more of Betty Lee.

ELAINE BOGGS

### We Entertain

DETROIT, MICHIGAN: Do I enjoy your magazine! I just received my first copy, and how I like your stories. The fashions are wonderful, but I wish you would put in more styles for chubby girls. True stories like *Women's Work In the F.B.I.* and *Pioneers in White* are very interesting. I like the stories about history, too. I love to read your magazine; it serves my purpose wonderfully.

Thanks for all the entertainment you have given me.

MARILYN ROSENAU

### Sports and Dogs

IRON RIVER, MICHIGAN: I have just finished reading *A Penny For Your Thoughts* and could hardly wait to write you a letter.

I like the new *AMERICAN GIRL* very much; please don't change it, except for one thing. Please have a page for photographs of the kids and their pets. I have two dogs and am simply dog crazy. They are both English setters and are beauties.

Most of the girls who write in are from

the South, or States not as far up as Michigan, so I decided I'd write.

Skating is my favorite sport, and I figure skate quite a bit. I have gone to different places near here to skate in exhibitions and have won a few. So you can see why I enjoyed *Fun On Ice*.

I like to go out in the woods on skis, but you have to be very careful. I like tobogganning too. I am thirteen years old and have black, curly hair and a dark complexion.

DOLORES ARGENTATI

### Where is Midge?

PIFFARD, NEW YORK: The changes that you have made in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* have pleased me greatly.

My sister became a Girl Scout in 1932 and began taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* at that time. In 1939 the subscription was changed to my name. That means that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* has been coming to our house for over thirteen years.

As soon as I was able to read I took over the magazine and it became a contest to see who would read it first.

I am eighteen now and a freshman in Geneseo State Teachers' College where I am majoring in library work. Since Geneseo is only three miles away I am able to live at home.

Thanks again for the improvements to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

ANNE CONWAY

P.S. How about some Midge stories? I have missed her.

### We Win Out

WEST NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS: I enjoy the improvements in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* very much. I especially enjoyed the story *Oh, What A Beautiful Day* in the February issue, as I am interested in that type of work.

Recently my mother subscribed to several magazines for me, some of which are very popular. Then she asked me which magazine I enjoyed most, and *THE AMERICAN GIRL* won out. I think it's tops. I have been taking it for several years and no other magazine surpasses it, in my estimation.

Thanks a lot, and keep up the good work.

BETTY MCCLURE

### Swell

FRANKFORT, INDIANA: I've never written to our magazine before, even though I've taken it for almost four years, but I decided I would after reading the February issue.

In the December issue, Priscilla J. Van

Horn wrote about being a junior bridesmaid at her sister's wedding, just like Pat Downing.

My sister was married October 30th and I was a junior bridesmaid. After reading *Hold Your Hat* I realized it was a very strange coincidence. My sister and her husband are in Florida now, too, and I'm going to visit them (if they're still there) when school is out.

I am thirteen years old and am in 8A of Frankfort Junior High School. Drawing and painting and Scouts are my hobbies. And swimming and horseback riding are my favorite sports.

I want to thank you for a swell magazine. It has helped with a lot of my badges. I think the stories are swell, too.

SHARON SLOAN

P.S. I know of more adjectives than swell, but swell seems to express my feelings better.

### Young Teens

ARLINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS: This is the second year I've taken this wonderful magazine, and I've really enjoyed it until lately. I don't mean to say I don't still enjoy the magazine—I just want to say that I think most of the stories and fashions are for high-school girls. Couldn't you have some fashions and stories for younger teen-agers? I think many girls in their younger teens will agree with me.

PHYLLIS O'NEIL

### Ankles

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for only a short time, but I would like to say that it has helped me to take more pride in my appearance, and has added helpful hints on how to improve the figure. I like especially the exercises on how to slim down a chubby waistline. A lot of girls have thick ankles, as I do myself, and I know they would appreciate it, as I would, if you could tell us how to slim them down in your next issue.

Thanks a million.

KAY SELLARS

### Music—All Kinds

LITTLESTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA: I have been receiving THE AMERICAN GIRL since October, 1945 and I think it's swell. I disagree with any girl who says it isn't. Your stories are super, especially *Clover Creek*. Let's have more of them.

I am fourteen and I play first clarinet in our high-school band and orchestra. I think it would be nice if each month you would publish a story on the life of some great musician or composer. Jazz musicians, too! I am also a Scout.

JOANN E. WEHLER

### Eleven Year Old

VINELAND, NEW JERSEY: I am eleven and a half years old and I have enjoyed your magazine thoroughly.

May I make a suggestion? We subteens have been reading your magazine, yes, but I think we'd find it interesting if you would have some hairdos, fashions, and stories for us. The teens may object to this, but why not divide the book up, first half for subteens and last half for the teens?

I enjoy your magazine. Why not improve it? After all, we like to look pretty, too.

Thanks for a nice magazine.

SONYA BARSKY

THE END

The American Girl

## TRUE OR FALSE?



### EMOTIONAL EXCITEMENT CAN THROW "THOSE DAYS" OFF SCHEDULE

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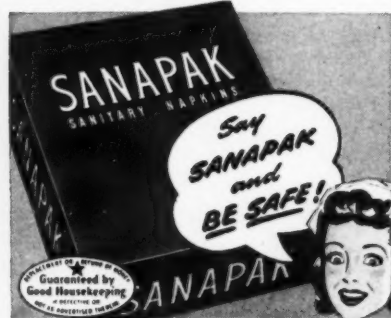
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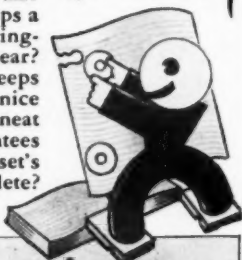
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## HANDY HELPER'S

What's built around a bit of air?  
What stops a loose-leaf, ring-hole tear?  
What keeps the pages nice and neat  
And guarantees the set's complete?

JINGLE  
QUIZ No 10



## Dennison

**GUMMED REINFORCEMENTS**  
At Stationery Departments Everywhere

# It's New!

by Lawrence N. Galton

**Lollipop Luck:** What sort of candymaker are you? Is your candy always so soft it will stretch a mile, or so hard you break your teeth biting it? If so, there's a candymaking mixture that's said to be foolproof. Even your kid sister can use it safely if she knows how to light a stove, for you simply heat and pour it into aluminum molds. You have three choices of flavors and 150 waxed wrappers. If you wish, you can put each piece of candy on a stick and have an assortment of lollipops. The molds can be used indefinitely and you can buy more mixture if you want to.



**Snappy Whipper:** The answer to many an amateur cook's prayer is the recent invention of a one-handed egg beater. Think of it—you can hold the bowl with one hand, or use one hand to add flavoring, and beat the mixture (eggs, whipped cream, or batter) with the other.



**Pliable Plastic:** More magic from the field of plastics—a very lightweight raincoat that folds up to the size of a large handkerchief. You can carry it in your purse until the showers appear. The advantage of this plastic over many others is that it will not stiffen in cold weather, but will remain pliable and soft.

**Puzzle Pleasure:** If you like puzzles of the jigsaw variety, there's a new wrinkle now on the market—a three-dimensional puzzle which gives a side area as well as a surface to fit together. If you're above such games, there are undoubtedly plenty of children you know who will like them.



**Pipe for Papa:** If you've a birthday coming for a favorite man in the family, there's a new pipe on the market, just released after years of production for the Navy. This is a spiral fluted pipe with a full-length, piston type of plunger attached to the mouth-bit. If that sounds too technical for you, the advantage is that it can be cleaned quickly and thoroughly by pulling out the mouth-bit.

**Nonshrinkable Rayon:** The next time you go shopping for a dress, you might inquire whether the one you're trying on—if it's rayon—has been finished with the new stuff that is said to make this fabric as shrinkproof as treated cottons. Summer play clothes, especially, need to come back from a tubbing the same size as before, and not full of cracks and stretched places. The chemically treated rayon is said to have passed the test of laundering, and to be on its way into clothes for spring and summer.



**Window Dressing:** Have you ever taken a nicely starched pair of curtains to refresh the windows, put them through a rod, and presto! the curtain tears, and you count ten before another word? Just lately an inventor has patented a device to help the curtain rods pass through the curtain hems smoothly, quickly, and easily, without any damage. Let's hope it reaches the markets soon.

**Keyhole Finder:** This is one to let you in at night. A battery-operated light has been devised which focuses on the area of the keyhole. You can fit the device to any door lock, and when you get home on a moonless night, a bit of pressure on the cover causes the light to glow. There are two models, simple and deluxe, both of them inexpensive.



If you want to know more about any of the products described in this column—send your questions to "It's New" Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York. No inquiries can be answered unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



## Bermuda Holiday

(Continued from page 36)

to the States, where the weather would still be cold and wet.

"I couldn't." He shook his head, and his eyes were bleak. "I can't bend my knees enough to get them into the stirrups."

"How about bareback?" Nancy asked eagerly. "Star is very gentle, and if you used to ride—"

Red was thinking hard. "Gosh, I'd like to try!" he said slowly. "Thanks, Nancy—it would be swell if I could."

"Wait here," she told him, hurrying off to the barn.

IN the stable she patted Star, explaining that Red was going to ride him. He nodded his head and snuffed at her as she adjusted his bridle. She wondered if he would let Red mount. She knew horses hate to be mounted from above, and she was a little anxious as she led Star onto the grass below the terrace, so that his back was almost level with the cement flooring.

He let Red mount, but he shivered and moved about nervously, as if he were doing it under protest. He blew hotly in Nancy's face and she rubbed her cheek against the wet velvet of his nose. Red was wobbly at first, as Nancy led Star slowly across the grass; but soon his back straightened, and his elbows went in and his head up.

Nancy went back to the terrace. She was idly swinging back and forth, watching Red happily, when Clarissa and her father appeared with the prospective tenants. The woman seemed cross. The two children had moon faces, white and stormy looking. The father had white hair, and a round stomach under a checked vest. He liked the house, but the mother didn't. "We'd be marooned out here," she complained. "It's too big, and too far from the shops."

"Where's the beach?" The fat boy spoke up.

"About half a mile down that path," Nancy told him.

She was a little ashamed. It really wasn't quite half a mile, and it was all downhill. "There's a nice bathhouse, and the beach is private," she said placatingly.

"Private? But that's just what we don't want." The fat girl pulled her mother's arm. "Come on," she said. "We don't want this old house. I want to stay at the hotel where there are lots of people."

Nancy realized that they were going, and that she wasn't helping at all. She was terribly ashamed of herself. Her mother looked white and tired. "There's a swimming pool in back of the house, and we have a game room," she said desperately, feeling that she must make amends. She turned to the girl. "If you want to come to school with me I'll introduce you to the gang." Then she made the supreme sacrifice. "I have a horse. You could ride him if you wanted to."

"No, thanks." The distaste in the girl's voice was evident. "I hate school, and I'm afraid of horses. Nasty, big, smelly things that buck you off."

"Wha-a-a-at?" Nancy's mouth was still open when Red rode up.

"Gee, Nancy, I feel absolutely super! I had no idea I could ride. I'm my own man again. It's really something!" He looked different—well and happy and interested.

But Nancy was staring after the fat man and his family. Red looked at her keenly.



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"What gives?" he demanded of Nancy. "They were some people who wanted to rent our house. No," she corrected herself, "we're the ones who want to rent the house. They were just looking at it—but they didn't like it."

"Didn't like it!" Red whistled. "What dopes. Why not?"

"Too far from the water; too far from the shops."

"The last's a good reason for—not against," Red said. "Why do you want to rent? Are you going away?"

"No." Nancy shook her head. "Just money. Dad is doing rehabilitation work abroad. He's an eye specialist. Mums thought if we rented the house some money would be coming in. As it is, it's all going out."

"I see," Red said thoughtfully. "Why, there's my family! It can't be five o'clock already?"

"I'm afraid it is," Nancy answered ruefully. "The afternoon did seem to pass awfully fast."

"Look," Red bent forward. "I'd like to surprise them. Is it okay with you if I do a disappearing act and ride back a little later? It'll give them a real kick to see me ride up on horseback."

"That would be swell," Nancy agreed, and Red cantered off just as the carriage turned into the driveway. Suddenly, to her astonishment, she found she was sorry to have Red go. She liked him—indeed, she would like to know him better.

The Carletons got out of the carriage and introduced themselves. They were nice people. Mrs. Carleton had short, sandy-colored hair which waved away from her face. She

wore a soft white dress with a rose scarf, rose socks, and flat-heeled, scuffed saddle shoes. Mr. Carleton was very thin, with neatly brushed gray hair and a nice smile. He wore old brown tweeds and a soft yellow shirt. Nancy explained that Red was exploring a little, by himself. Then Mrs. Davenport came out and was introduced, and offered them lemonade and home-made cookies.

"This is the prettiest place I've seen on the Island," Mr. Carleton said, leaning forward to see the view better. Nancy knew exactly how he felt. She thought it was the most beautiful view in the world, especially when the lilies were in bloom. Just below the terrace on which they were sitting lay four lily fields. Straight downhill they flowed, a Niagara of foaming whiteness. As the wind touched their heads, the ivory flowers rippled nervously, as if bent on pouring themselves into the gentian-blue waters of the harbor.

MR. CARLETON turned to his wife. "Debby, how about staying in Bermuda for a few months? Maybe we could rent a house, now that the season's almost over. Do you suppose Red would like—"

"Oh, there he is now! Look—isn't he marvelous?" Nancy interrupted to point to the pasture on the right of the lily fields. The harbor water glittered gold in the afternoon sun, and the pasture was starred with yellow flowers splashed down on the fresh green grass. Red was riding as if he were in a ring. Star was at his best. He loped along evenly, then lifted in the air and sailed gracefully over the low fence as the boy tightened his reins and legs.

"Red on horseback—I can't believe it!" "Red riding again!"

The exclamations came out together as Mr. and Mrs. Carleton jumped to their feet. Their faces were shining, and they had caught hold of each other's hands.

Red saw them and waved, swinging Star around to ride up the slope.

"We must stay, Debby," Mr. Carleton said. "This is the place for Red to get well." Then turning to Mrs. Davenport, he asked, "Do you know of a house near by that we could rent?"

Nancy could hardly believe her ears. "This one is for rent," she began eagerly. Then, remembering the shabby Villa Napoli, and Mrs. Carleton's scuffed shoes, she wondered if the rent might be beyond their means. "Or I'm sure our friend Mr. Triminger could find you a nice small house, real cheap." She flushed a little under Mr. Carleton's steady gaze. She hadn't meant to be rude.

He got up and went to meet Red. "Well, Son?" He put his arms up and Red slid down into them. "How about staying on here? Suppose we rent this house? Would you like it?"

Nancy felt queer. Red in her home! It would be wonderful, if his family could afford it. Maybe they could lower the rent. She looked at her mother. Mrs. Davenport, too, looked troubled.

"If you can rent Nancy and her mother, and this horse, along with the house—" Red said.

"That's a large order, young man," Mr. Carleton chuckled, "but I can try."

Before Nancy could realize what was happening, they had worked out a plan.

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plan.

She and her mother would live in her father's office. The big house would be the Carletons', and Mrs. Davenport would provide meals and maid service. A little explaining set at rest Nancy's worries about their finances. The Carletons, it turned out, had plenty of money, and were living at one of the big hotels. Red had gone for a walk, and had just sat down on the bench outside the shabby Villa Napoli to wait out the windstorm.

When Red shook hands, saying good-by, his grip was hard and firm. "Gee, Nancy," he said. "You sure fixed me up. A horse, a swimming pool, and a girl!"

Nancy flushed. "The gang's nice," she said. "Would you come to school?"

"Where you go, I go," the boy laughed, "even unto school!"

Nancy laughed back at him as she waved good-by. It was the first time a boy had made it so plain that he liked her a lot. Her eyes were shining, and her cheeks felt unnaturally hot.

Her mother said happily, "We've saved the agent's commission, and we'll make quite a bit extra giving meals—Mr. Carleton was very liberal. And they're such delightful people. You certainly are a smart girl, Nancy."

"But I didn't know I was being smart," Nancy protested. "It was just luck. I thought Red's people were poor, and I felt guilty at having fun with him when I could have been trying to rent the house, the way Mr. Triminger wanted me to do."

"Nancy," Mrs. Davenport's arm was tight around her daughter's shoulder. "Yours is the kind of smartness that pays best in the long run!"

THE END

## Hi-Doings

(Continued from page 11)

And what about big get-togethers? Already there's been one giant Saturday morning rally, with entertainment by famous radio stars like Paula Stone and Ethel Smith and Les Brown, and the seven hundred Hi Clubbers who attended liked it so much they're clamoring for another. Plans for that are now in the offing—the dramatics group is hard at work rehearsing a production of "Her Highness the Cook," the fashion modeling class is arranging a show of clothes designed by Hi Club members, and the music and dance groups are readying their numbers for the big day.

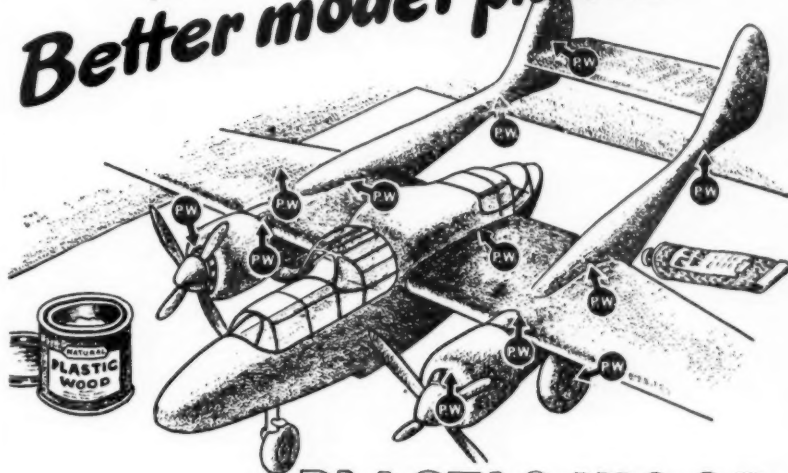
Well, there you have it—a department-store club for teen-agers with an activities program that really adds up. But staid and scholarly? Not a bit of it. In fact, never in our lives have we seen so many girls having so much fun.

Of course, as you've probably discovered for yourself, many department stores all over the country have teen-age clubs, subdeb canteens, young people's centers, or junior miss fashion advisory boards. Most of these are pretty much limited to a tie-in with each store's fashion and merchandising plans, rather than devoted to independent activities. But most stores are interested in what teen-agers think and do and who knows what interesting new developments may pop up in stores right in your own home town? We think it's well worth keeping an eye on.

THE END

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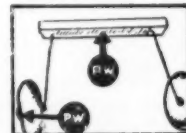
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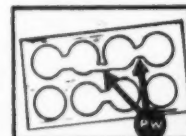
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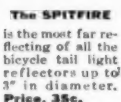
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says Penny

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# Radio

by **CLAIRE ANDERLEY**



**D**O YOU have to practice a whole long hour by the clock every day because Mother says, "You should know a little something about music"?

Well, brace up and consider yourself a lucky girl! All those dull scales and exercises can lead you right into a very exciting spot in the radio world, if you're interested. Yes, maybe Mother has the right idea—the long view.

For radio is the musician's mecca, having perhaps done more for music and musicians than any other branch of the entertainment world. The concert stage is for the long-hairs; theaters and night clubs are for swingin' and swayin'; but radio offers all sorts of golden opportunities to both!

Just stop and think, for a moment, of all the musical programs on your list of favorites. There's the Voice (of course), and Perry Como, Jo Stafford, Dinah Shore, Jascha Heifetz, Toscanini, Gladys Swarthout, and dozens of others. They, too, started out by grumbling a little at the endlessly long hours and tremendous perseverance demanded by their chosen career. But luckily for us, they held out!

Gladys Swarthout, for instance, mostly just wanted to go to parties, but she was "flattered" into singing instead. Her family is very musical, and when she was in her teens her cousins invited her to sing in their church—quite an honor for a fourteen year old girl! She was proud of their faith in her, and felt that she must work hard and live up to their high opinions.

Miss Swarthout, whom everybody loves because of her friendliness and complete naturalness, entrusted us with a lot of special suggestions for your ambitious young singers. Her advice, incidentally, is so basic and so sound that it holds good for practically any profession. Here's what she said:

"Please be sure to tell all young singers not to try to get to the top overnight. It just doesn't work. There is an appalling lack of good young singers today, because they all want to be stars without ever having been beginners. A musical career demands concentration and knowledge. You can never know *everything* about music—and no career has any top.

"As for me, I never treat my music lightly," went on Miss Swarthout, "even when I sing a popular song. I really love popular music (Bing is her favorite—he can do no wrong!) and I never just toss it off! I learn the music thoroughly, I give lots of thought to the lyrics, and then I do my best to sing it as it's written. It sounds easy, but it isn't."

Though Gladys Swarthout is as famous as Pike's Peak, she doesn't think for a moment that she's reached the peak of her career. In

spite of the fact that she's won fame as a personality, adulation as a movie star, a coveted place in the Metropolitan Opera House, and an enviable audience in concert and radio, she feels that she still has far to go, and works hard, at the cost of many personal sacrifices, to come nearer and nearer to perfection. During the past five years, in fact, she's had only ten days in which just to relax—and eat! There isn't anyone who loves to eat as much as she does.

Miss Swarthout's real hobby is her lovely Connecticut home. She rarely gets a chance to live there, but she's always buying things for it, and on the few occasions when she has the time to examine her purchases, she's amazed at what she owns, especially the duplicates. She loves hats, too, and owns hundreds, many of which she's never worn.

**T**HE career of a singer is filled with trials and tribulations but no young aspirants, waiting hopefully near the audition committees, ever believe it. Their theme is: "I want to be a singer and get into radio. Where do I go?"

That is, simultaneously, a difficult and easy question to answer. Difficult because stardom requires great talent and large stores of energy. Difficult to tell a budding singer that the chorus would be her best bet. Easy because radio's doors are opened wide to the very talented. Every network is looking for singers with star possibilities and popular appeal. CBS has a program "New Voices in Song" (Sunday 9:45-10:00 A.M. EST) for the purpose of developing unknown singers. General Electric has conducted nationwide auditions in the hope of discovering new talent for the "Hour of Charm" program (NBC, Sunday 10:00 P.M. EST.)

All conductors, too, are vitally interested in young singers. For the NBC "Symphony of the Air's" presentation of "La Boheme" on the anniversary of Puccini's death, the great Maestro Toscanini himself gave the role of Musetta (which any of the prima donnas at the Metropolitan would gladly have sung under his direction) to a young and unknown Julliard student, Ann McKnight. Raymond Paige is constantly on the lookout for vocalists to appear on his RCA show (Sunday, NBC, 4:30 P.M.)

Jean Tennyson, star and manager of the "Great Moments in Music" program, devotes time and energy to the hunt for new talent, and goes out of her way to feature worthwhile unknown singers. She receives letters from all over the country asking for auditions, and if the writers are in, or near, New York she does her utmost to hear them. She is friendly, sympathetic, and willing to give advice.

Miss Tennyson is the wife of Camille Dreyfus, chairman of the Celanese Corporation (which is, incidentally, her sponsor). Although most of her energies are devoted to her program—selecting its artists and programming its music—she finds time to lead an exciting life.

Her most thrilling experience was the first-hand discovery that the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt played the banjo at college! Although a singer, she was vocally helpless when introduced to our late President at the home of a mutual friend in Hyde Park. The President's natural and jovial manner soon put her at ease—well, almost. "What does one say to the President of the United States?" she thought to herself. Stammering, she asked him the first question that popped into her mind.

"Do you play any musical instrument?" "Well, no, not now," said the President, "but I did when I was in college—and it was the banjo!"

Not all singers meet Presidents at parties, and most serious-minded young singers would do well just to latch on to their favorite performer or conductor! There are several good methods, such as letters, or conferences with secretaries who arrange appointments. Another method which is permissible if you are very much in earnest about radio as a career and not just engaged in a frivolous autograph hunt, is to become familiar with the appearance of your idol—and *haunt* him! Yes, it's the hard way for both subject and victim, but if you are *very* tactful and *very* sensible and *very* grownup about it, there's always the possibility of finding your victim in a comparatively free moment and a good mood. Inwardly they're all sympathetic to your plight, and the greatest of them will weaken if you impress them with your earnest attitude and love for music.

But don't, *don't* use this technique until your family, teachers, friends, and conscience have told you that you are ready for a career. And tackle the smaller stations before the networks, and the theater before radio. It's not fair practically to force a busy conductor to listen to you unless you have some experience, and a well-trained voice to offer.

Just an added suggestion—don't choose Perry Como. He is a long-suffering man, and deserves a rest. Daily, five hundred bobby-soxers attend his broadcast of the "Supper Club" and just sit and wait after the show is off the air. They don't leave until he has sung several encores.

"Gosh," said Perry, "I appreciate their interest. I came up the hard way, and I know what an audience means. But please tell them that I don't think young people should be out so late (his show rebroadcasts at eleven o'clock at night) just to see me, and that I remember them when they stay home. It's not much fun to be hounded every time you move. When I haven't the time for autographs the kids think I'm snubbing them and ask 'Where would you be if it weren't for us?' They're more possessive than sponsors! I guess they don't understand that I have a wife and a child who also want to see me."

While it's true that the effusive acclaim of teen-agers has helped Perry—and he's the last to deny it—his audience consists largely of adults and servicemen who are just as faithful, even if they don't tear him apart!

Perry is a swell fellow—let's keep him that way. Give him your support, but leave him in one piece.

THE END

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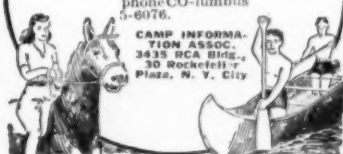
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## It's an old Easter Custom

(Continued from page 21)

any notions department where dressmaker supplies are sold.

The designs used to decorate eggs in these European countries have a fascinating background. People living high in the mountains usually make sharp, pointed, geometric figures like pine needles, snowflakes, simple sprays of stems and leaves, and wild life of all kinds. Because they have known very little luxury, their designs are a reflection of the rough and simple life to which they're accustomed.

On the other hand, people living in the lush and fertile valleys generally make lovely floral patterns—apple blossoms, cherries and fruit of great variety—even starfish and other marine animals which may be washed up on their warm, pleasant beaches.

**I**F YOU feel adventurous this year, why don't you try decorating Easter eggs with some of these unusual and symbolic figures? For inspiration, study the simple designs in the red-and-white Rumanian Easter eggs in the border on pages 20 and 21. If you don't want to bother with the beeswax and the multiple coloring process, you can always paint your designs on, freehand, with water colors or poster paints. But wait till the eggs are boiled and cooled, of course!

Many interesting old customs in connection with the exchange and breaking of Easter eggs have been handed down through years of tradition. In some European countries,

after a period of fasting everyone goes out on the street with a basketful of red-dyed eggs. When two friends meet, the younger one holds out an egg with the pointed end up and says, "Christ has risen." The older person strikes the egg with his own, saying, "He has risen indeed." The one whose egg is not broken takes the other egg. This goes on till the winner has a whole basketful, which he takes home for the Easter feast.

Then there's the ancient French legend that eggs were sent to Rome to receive the blessing of the Pope, and that they were returned dyed scarlet like the cloak of a cardinal. Naturally the eggs weren't actually taken on such a journey, but the red coloring with which they were dyed was symbolic of the cardinal's cloak and carried out the idea of the Easter blessing of the eggs. In France today, red eggs are given to the children, who distribute them among their friends as Easter gifts. These "blessed" colored eggs become the main dish in a big family meal which takes place after the long Lenten fast.

Some historians say this custom of giving colored eggs at Easter can be traced back to the ancient times of the Gauls, Romans, Greeks, and Egyptians, all of whom believed that the egg was the emblem of the universe. And the Persians believed that the earth was hatched from an egg at the time of the spring equinox!

Just as the early Christians believed that eggs should be colored when the "earth has laid aside her white mantle and decorated herself with many colors," so we follow the tradition by reflecting these spring colors in the dyes we use on eggs at Eastertime.

THE END

## Make Them and Match Them

(Continued from page 17)

multicolored cotton gingham plaid crossed in green and brown, so she bought it, along with a Butterick pattern No. 3444 of a dress with a flared peplum. This has a turned-over collar and cuffs of the same plaid, and looks well with the brown hat and shoes she wears with her other clothes.

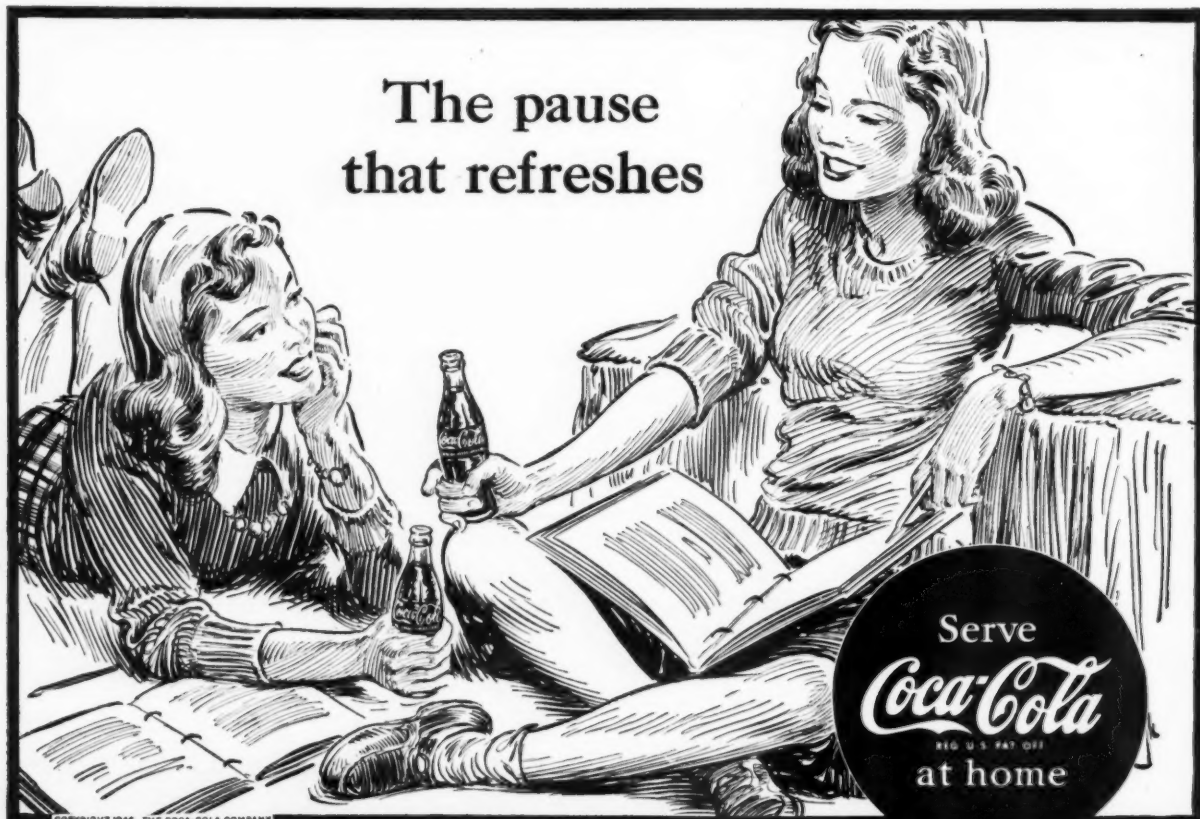
For special dates, Mary Lou's mother bought her some long, brown cotton gloves, and a swish little hat of brown ribbon and veiling to go with her cactus-print dress. This made a costume festive enough for parties, but the frock itself is so simple in line that she can use it for more informal occasions by wearing white shortie or brown crocheted string gloves, and the simple beret shown with the plaid gingham dress.

Because the fabric itself was so gay, she chose a very simple pattern, Vogue's modified dirndl No. 5608, for the print dress. This has soft pleats on each hip, with small fabric buttons down the front of the long-waisted bodice. The real feature is the short-short sleeve with the three tucks at each shoulder.

These patterns were carefully chosen by Mary Lou after plenty of thought and consultation, to provide a costume for every occasion. You may not feel ambitious enough to make a whole wardrobe, but if you make sure that the clothes you make and the ones you buy have a harmonious color scheme, you, too, can be well turned out for spring.

THE END

# The pause that refreshes



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## Clover Creek

(Continued from page 9)

but in the field, it stuck on every snag. If she could only get it to the water! With her back to the gate, she lifted, pulled like a pole horse.

"What if it sinks to the bottom?" she worried.

But it did not sink—it floated! And it supported her weight. She wielded the pole clumsily, then caught the knack of it. After that, her raft not only floated—it moved! There was debris to avoid. Her craft bumped a log, but she was soon free of it. Something at the edge of the raft caught her attention. She stopped pushing—stopped breathing. A flat head, two beady eyes, a slithery form edging inch by inch on the raft—a snake! She crouched, staring, too horrified to move, as he inched up out of the water.

Betty Lee wanted to scream. The snake was a long one. "If I can get back where I came from!" She eased the pole into the water. The raft moved ever so little. But it wouldn't do to hurry, to antagonize the shining black coil at the edge of her dinky raft. She managed another slow move, and still another. Presently the sound of men's voices came to her. She listened. The voices came from down the road. She prayed that it might be Bob, extending his search. But unless she made better progress, he would pass by the cornfield without seeing her. She pushed harder. The snake reared. At the sight of his retracted body, panic seized her. Screams tore at her throat. She tumbled backward off the raft, and floundered, gasping, in the water.

To her great relief, she found that if she stood tall, she could breathe. She dragged through the sludge. With every sucking step, she shuddered. On solid ground, she went stumbling between the rows of corn. It was Bob down the road! Luke was with him. They stared. Her face felt plastered like a skullcap. Muddy water trickled along her neck. She tried to speak, but all she could do was cough.

"You poor kid!" Bob exclaimed. "What happened?"

Shaking with excitement, she pointed toward the trees.

"Granddad?" he interpreted.

She nodded. Her voice came in a croak. "Yonder—see?"

Bob caught a glimpse of the white rag in the treetop, and took the fence in one bound. Betty Lee kept clearing her throat. By the time she caught up with him, she could talk better.

"Be careful of that snake!"

But the snake, she discovered, was gone. The upset must have dislodged him. Bob was gazing in astonishment at the floating gate.

"Where did you get that?"

"Down the road."

"All by yourself?"

"Sure," she choked.

"You're a wonder!"

Betty Lee gave a despairing groan. "The pole's gone. You'll have to get another." She pointed down the road. "Off that old fence."

Bob made short work of getting a stout length. He hustled back with it, kicked off his shoes, rolled up his corduroys.

"Do you suppose it is your granddad?" asked Betty Lee anxiously.

"You bet!"

He waded in, pushed off the raft, hoisted himself on board. It was better that Bob was piloting the raft across, thought Betty Lee, as she watched his progress. She had been rash to try it. Elias, she felt, would be almost exhausted. Her gaze centered on the tree. In deep water, it would take a strong arm to hold him.

The raft drew nearer its goal. It bumped the tree trunk. She could see that it was difficult to keep it steady. Bob balanced there, looking up, talking. He braced himself, feet widely spaced, hands grasping the trunk. Whoever it was, was preparing to come down.

A voice drawled behind her, "Didn't I tell you?"

She had forgotten Luke's existence. Bob's arms, she saw, supported the weight of—"It is Mr. Anderson!" she cried.

Bob seemed to have lost his hold. The raft danced, then steadied.

"Sure looked bad there for a minute," came Luke's comment.

They saw that Bob had eased himself off into the water. Was he going to swim?

"That contraption won't hold the two of them," Luke confirmed her fears. "He's going to have to shove it."

Elias was sitting on the raft, with the pole in his hands, but—

"Luke," she cried urgently, her voice shaking, "do you see any sign of a dog on that raft?"

"I sure don't." He turned a slow stare on her.

"How can you tell for sure?" she demanded, in rising agitation.

Luke eyed the raft again. "There ain't nary a dog out there," he said flatly.

She whirled to face him. "If Rompy isn't with Mr. Anderson, where would he be?"

"How would I know?" whined Luke.

"You never expected a dog to be up in a tree, did you?"

"I don't know what I expected! Only, I thought when we found Mr. Anderson, Rompy would be with him. He was with him when he left the house," she argued.

Luke gazed across the water. "That don't mean nothin' now."

HER anxiety turned into anger against him. What did he know about it! Trying to scare her! "Why don't you help Bob? Can't you swim?"

Her question alarmed him. "My daddy throwed me in the water too young, and I never been any good at it."

Betty Lee thought, "Or at anything else." She said, "Why don't you go back and tell Mrs. Martin we've found her father?"

Luke looked ill-treated. "I figgered on seeing how they make out."

"They'll make out all right. His daughter needs to hurry home and have his bed ready. He's going to be in bad shape."

"But I thought I'd kinda rest myself—"

"Rest yourself? From what?" Betty Lee's impatience snapped. "Get out on that road!"

Luke hunched his shoulders, but he set off.

The flare-up had relieved Betty Lee a bit. How could Luke be so sure that Rompy wasn't safe? Her glance returned to the water. After a long while, the raft came near enough for her to scan it. Despite the steaming heat of the sun, she began to shiver. There was no sign of Rompy.

Her smarting eyes saw that Elias looked strained and ill. She waded out to meet

(Continued on page 49)

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# Jokes

## PHONETIC

**TEACHER:** Iceland is about as big as Siam.

"Iceland," wrote Benny in his notebook, "is about as big as the teacher."

Sent by **MARY SUE ROBBINS, Elwood, Indiana.**

## OBLIGING

"Are you doing anything for that cold of yours?"

"Oh, yes, I sneeze whenever it wants me to."

Sent by **LAVONNE WHITNEY, Clarinda, Iowa.**

## SOUND EFFECTS

**SMALL BOY** (to porter): I say, mister, want me to help you?

**PORTER** (contemptuously): What kin you do?

**SMALL BOY:** I'll grunt while you lift.

Sent by **JANE LYNCH, Brooklyn, New York.**

## NATURALLY

Asked to write an essay on water, little Tommy, after chewing his pen for a long time, wrote, "Water is a colorless wet liquid that turns dark when you wash in it."

Sent by **HELEN THOMAS, Bozeman, Montana.**

## A GOOD CRY

"Father, will you give me ten cents for a poor man who is outside crying?"

"Sure son, here it is. What's he crying about?"

"He's crying, 'Fresh roasted peanuts five cents a bag!'"

Sent by **MILDRED CLUM, Oneonta, New York.**

## OOPS!

A young man entered a florist's shop and ordered two dozen roses sent to his fiancée on her twenty-fourth birthday. On the card he wrote, "One for every year of your life." After he had gone the proprietor said to the clerk, "He's a good customer, send three dozen."

There was no wedding.

Sent by **PHYLLIS ADAMS, Dallas, Oregon.**

## AND DRY?

**WAITER:** And what will you have to drink?

**BILL:** Ginger ale.

**WAITER:** Pale?

**BILL:** Oh, goodness no, just a glass.

Sent by **PAT GABLE, Minneapolis, Minnesota.**

## RECOMMENDED

"Have you been to any other doctor before coming to me?" asked the grouchy physician.

"No, sir," replied the patient, "I went to a druggist."

"You went to a druggist?" exclaimed the doctor. "That shows how much sense some people have! You went to a druggist. And what idiotic advice did the druggist give you?"

"He told me to come and see you," replied the patient.

Sent by **RITA SUE BANKS, DeQueen, Arkansas.**

## INSIGNIFICANT

**MOTHER:** Tommy, don't give the baby money to play with. He might swallow it, and anyway, money has germs on it.

**TOMMY:** Not this money—germs couldn't live on my allowance.

Sent by **CRYSTAL MEGORDEN, Clearwater, Wash.**

## BRUSHWORK

"With a single stroke of the brush," said the schoolteacher, taking his class around the National Gallery, "Joshua Reynolds could change a smiling face to a frowning one."

"So can my mother," said a small boy.

Sent by **LORRAINE COWAN, Ferguson, Missouri.**

**NEW PRIZES:** The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke published on this page. So be sure to send us your funniest jokes, giving your name, your age, and your complete address.



"She's cheating! While we've been making faces at the boys, she's been making eyes at them!"

Courtesy of Collier's

## Clover Creek

(Continued from page 47)

them, grasped the raft and brought it in. Bob's face was flushed; his breath came in painful gasps.

Betty Lee noticed immediately the odd, blank look in Elias' eyes. She put an arm across his shoulders, laid a hand to his cheek. The skin felt clammy cold. In shocked concern she asked, "Are you able to stand up, Mr. Anderson?"

Bob had flung himself flat on the ground, on his back. "Let him—sit still—until—I catch my—breath," he directed her. By relaxing, he would be rested much sooner.

During the interval, Betty Lee talked to Elias as if she were soothing a tired child. "You'll soon be home in your nice warm bed, and then you'll begin to feel like yourself again. We'll warm you a glass of milk, and after you've rested, we'll cook you something to eat. Won't that be fine?"

A little of the tension went out of his shoulders. With its going, his pale lips quivered.

"Or maybe Bob's the one we'll have to put to bed," she said. "Here you are, sitting up, and there's Bob, stretched out as flat as a pancake."

Elias drew a whistling breath, and lifted his hands in a vague gesture. Bob sprang up, hurried into his muddy shoes, and hitched up his dripping corduroys.

"Bob," she whispered, as he made ready to lift his grandfather, "will it hurt if I ask him" the whisper faded—"if he knows anything about Rompy?"

Bob bent his head. "Granddad, what became of Rompy?"

Elias groaned. "Goner," he managed. "He's a goner."

The bleak words chilled Betty Lee. But even through her sharp despair, she saw that the effort to speak had cost Elias too much. Every trace of color had drained from his face.

"Bob, let's hurry," she exclaimed with redoubled alarm. "Can you lift him?"

Bob slipped one arm under his grandfather's knees and the other under his shoulders, and lifted him. Had he been less determined, he could never have managed to carry Mr. Anderson all the long way home. Even as it was, he had to take time out to rest.

WHEN they neared the house, Betty Lee hurried ahead; but Mrs. Martin was already holding the screen door open. She looked her usual capable self. Betty Lee, seeing the three of them disappear into the house, felt a return of confidence. Mrs. Martin would know exactly what to do in an emergency like this.

She would have preferred going round to the back. But though the water had receded, it had left large puddles. There was nothing for it but to go in at the front door. She took off her disreputable shoes and carried them. In the kitchen, she discovered Janet, rattling buckets and pans as she put water on the stove to heat.

"Where did you find him?" was Janet's first eager question. While she listened, she took in Betty Lee's appearance. She interrupted, "What on earth happened to you? You look half dead!"

Betty Lee told her, in a hoarse whisper, about the snake.

"I believe I'd have passed out," Janet said.

## FUN WITH CRAYOLA

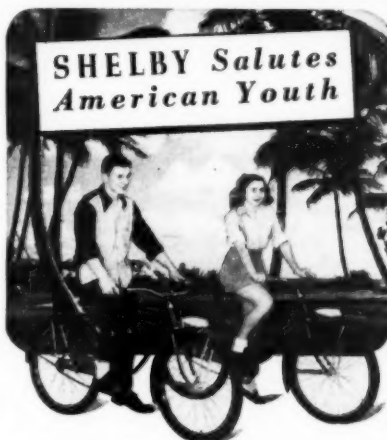
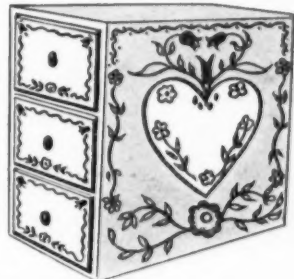
Let's make

### A Miniature Chest of Drawers

Ask Mother and the neighbors to save the sliding boxes that kitchen matches come in. As soon as you have two, three or more, paste together, one on top of the other. Cover with plain paper, then with Crayola Wax Crayons decorate with stars, stripes or flowers. On the face of each little drawer sew a large bead or ball button as a drawer pull. Use as a sewing cabinet, jewel case or catchall.

If your dealer (U.S.A. only) does not have Crayola, send 35¢ in stamps, not coins, to—

BINNEY & SMITH CO., 41 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.



Kids everywhere salute Shelby—the safe bike with the smooth, fast ride. And Shelby salutes you! Watch future ads for names and pictures of outstanding boys and girls. (You might know some of 'em personally!) What fun they can have, and the places they can go, on their sturdy, super-looking 1946 Shelybs! Write for colorful, illustrated folder to The Shelby Cycle Company, Shelby, Ohio.



The **SHELBY**  
"America's Quality Bicycle"



**24k. GOLD PLATED BIRTHSTONE RING**  
Sweetheart Design!  
**BEAUTIFUL HEART SHAPED STONE**  
**98¢**  
TAX  
LADIES! Wear this lovely ring set with your very own Simulated Birthstone. Genuine 24k Gold Plated Shank in smart, new, beautiful design to adjustable—will fit any size finger. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Act Now! Higher Prices may make it impossible to duplicate this sensational offer for years to come.  
**SEND NO MONEY!**  
Just name and month you were born. Pay postman only 20¢ plus Tax and postage for 1 ring or \$1.09 plus Tax for 3 rings.  
**ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART**  
800 NORTH DEARBORN STREET  
DEPT. 67-B, CHICAGO 10, ILL.

**NAME TAPES**

—100 for 60¢  
Washable Name Labels, with your name printed on wash-proof tape in black ink, for camp, school and travel.  
**ACME TIP PRINT CO.**  
791-6th Ave., New York 11, N.Y.



**ATTENTION GIRLS-TROOP LEADERS**  
Thermoplastic ring kit makes 16 or more photo or signal troop rings. Offers a fascinating home or camp craft. Specify black, red, green, gray or assorted. Complete equipment \$1.16 Postpaid. Refundable.  
**PLAST-O-CRAFT PRODUCTS**  
13401 Cerise Ave., Hawthorne, Calif.



**SORORITY and FRATERNITY PINS**  
Also Club Pins and Emblems. Artistic designs. Finest quality. Reasonable prices from 25¢ up. Write for illustrated catalog.  
Dept. R, Metal Arts Co., Rochester, N. Y.

### SAY HAPPY BIRTHDAY with THE AMERICAN GIRL

A gift announcement card accompanies each birthday subscription. Send \$2.00 for one year, \$3.00 for 2 years, with name and address of new subscriber to  
**THE AMERICAN GIRL**  
155 East 44 St., New York 17, N. Y.



"Why don't you take a warm bath and lie down?"

But Betty Lee felt that she could not rest. "How is Mr. Anderson?" she asked.

"We can't tell yet. Mother's putting him to bed, wrapped in blankets, and we're going to warm him with heated irons and hot-water bottles. Mother says it's exhaustion."

Betty Lee's gaze traveled to the kitchen door, with its nail on which Elias always hung his hat after feeding the chickens. The chickens? She guessed they hadn't been fed since—

"I'd better tend to the chickens before I clean up. It's muddy in that back yard. I'd forgotten about them."

"I had, too," Janet replied. "What would Granddad think?"

## GERMAN HITLER STAMPS

Brought over by American soldiers in small quantities as souvenirs. These stamps are bound to be very scarce because all remainders have been burned by Allied Governments. The most unique items in any collection. We will send two values, mint, one regular size and one large size, both for only 10c to sincere approval applicants. Please state whether approvals should consist of United States or foreign or both.

APPROVAL HEADQUARTERS

## GLOBUS STAMP COMPANY

268 4th Avenue, New York City 10, Dept. 606



## "STAMP FINDER!"

**GIVEN!—VALUABLE STAMP FINDER!** Send today for big new edition, fully illustrated, enabling you instantly to identify all difficult stamps and the countries they come from. Also fine packet of fascinating stamps from Egypt, Newfoundland, Patiala, Cyprus, etc. including maps, ships, animals, strange scenes, etc. All GIVEN to approval applicants enclosing 3c postage illustrated bargain list included.

GARCELON STAMP COMPANY, Box 907, CALAIS, MAINE

Foreign Coin, Banknote and large illustrated coin list GIVEN to approval service applicants for 3c postage. BAHAMAS, 3 Indian head cents, 10c; Wooden nickel, 10c; Chinese Dollar, 33c.

TATHAM COIN CO 48 SPRINGFIELD MASS

**54 DIFF. WORLD'S FAIR 3c**  
54 DIFF. mint World's Fair poster stamps plus scarce Carman, Turks and Loewen, etc. only 3c to apprv. service applicants. Stamps, all diff. 20c. 50-52.

TATHAM STAMP CO 48 SPRINGFIELD MASS

**Dominica Columbus Ship & Triangle—GIVEN!**  
Beautiful bi-colored Dominica (Columbus Ship), queer "Tom Thumb" TRIANGLE stamp, unused Canal Zone (Benj. Franklin), Java, Lebanon showing Holy Trees, Murdered Car stamp, First Bolshevik stamp (issued in World War I), with Bibileland, East India, Chaco, etc. This lot of unusual stamps GIVEN for 3c mailing cost. Big Bargain Approvals included.

WORLD STAMPCO., Box 1327, CHICAGO, ILL.

## ROCK OF GIBRALTAR PACKET GIVEN

A nice collection of stamps from Gibraltar, the mightiest fortress in the world—also New Zealand centennial, British Uganda—French Colonials—Early British Colonial—West Indies—South American and War stamps plus sample copy Philatelic Monthly Magazine. Send only 5c for postage.

EMPIRE STAMP COMPANY, Dept. A.G., Toronto 5, Canada

**ABYSSINIA, CAYMAN ISLANDS, TRIANGLE—GIVEN!**  
Abyssinia Red Cross "Monkey Issue", Cayman Islands, Tuna Triangle, Indo-China, Syria, Ivory Coast (Elephant Land), Jap "Shame" stamp for Conquered Philippines, etc. Includes Turkish Harem, Damascus, "Miss Africa", Cambodia, Pirate Island, Ship, French & British Colonials, etc.—ALL GIVEN with approvals for 3c postage.

BELMONT STAMP CO. Dept. No. 10, WASHINGTON 10, D. C.

## What are "Approvals"?

"Approvals," or "approval sheets," mean sheets with stamps attached which are made up and sent out by dealers. The only obligation on the part of the recipient of "Approvals" is that the stamps must be returned promptly and in good condition, or paid for.

The price of each stamp is on the sheet and the collector should detach those which he wishes to buy, then return the sheet with the remaining stamps in as good order as when received, enclosing with it the price of the stamps he has detached and, most important, his name, street address, city, postal zone number, State, and the invoice number.

Betty Lee got the sack of chicken feed, filled a pitcher with fresh water. "You'd imagine the chickens had had enough of water. But still they have to drink."

The damage to the retaining wall was in plain sight now, as well as the gully, since the overflow had drained off. But Betty Lee no longer regarded material loss as calamitous. The night had taught her better. At the back steps, as she sat down to put on her shoes, she grew still.

"Rompy, I want you here by me," her aching thoughts ran. She pressed her forehead against her knees. "I don't know how I'm going to stand it." When she lifted her head, she could scarcely see to tie the shoelaces.

The chickens heard her coming and made

a fuss. "Are you hungry?" She scattered their grain on the floor of the storehouse, and they followed her inside.

She filled their water pans and fastened the door behind her. As she turned toward the house, her glance came to rest on Rompy's empty bed. He had loved that box with the faded scrap of quilt. A well-gnawed bone lay near by. Grief swept through her like wildfire. She could not stifle it a moment longer. Turning back to the storehouse, she closed the door and leaned against it. With the chickens for company, she let the heartbroken sobs come out at last.

THE storm of tears brought no relief. Her head ached. Her forgotten, hurt thumb began to throb. It took bitter effort to pull herself together. She slipped out of the storehouse and kept her head down all the way to the house, hoping no one would see her. But Mrs. Martin was standing in the kitchen doorway with a letter for Betty Lee in her hand.

"I've been waiting for you, child," she said. "Bob just told me about Rompy."

Betty Lee winked back her tears. "Is Mr. Anderson any better?" she asked. She could not talk about Rompy. Not yet.

"His pulse is steadier. He drank some milk, and dropped off to sleep. I found this letter for you in his pocket. He must have forgotten it yesterday—he got so excited about the fish."

Betty Lee looked helpless. "I'm too dirty to touch the letter, now it's come," she wailed.

Mrs. Martin gave a concerned exclamation. "What have you done to your thumb, Betty Lee?"

"I lammed it with a rock. It'll be all right." She put the chicken feed away and set the pitcher down. She winced when Mrs. Martin examined the nail.

"This won't do. I'll have to see to you."

Betty Lee trailed after Mrs. Martin. She had got past the point of knowing what to do for herself. But with her thumb doctored she felt more comfortable. After she had bathed, Mrs. Martin washed her hair and helped her to dress in clean clothes. Betty Lee began to feel like a person again.

"Come into my room," Janet invited her. "I'm going to turn the drier on you."

It was good to sit and open her letter, and to let someone else lift the drier. Everything was being done for her. Even the decision that she had not been able to make would be made for her now by her mother, she thought. The uncertainty would be gone. She began to read.

(To be concluded)

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

on page 36

ANSWER: Albert, Dorothy  
Bruce, Frances  
Clarence, Evelyn

## ANSWERS:

EASTER  
EASTER SATIRE  
REPEAT PRAISE  
DEPART SPRAIN  
PARADE SPRING

## THRILLING AIRMAIL PACKET!!

Valuable packet of scarce all different AIRMAIL stamps, including Uruguay "flying horse", as illustrated; Indo-China bomber; new country of Iri; Paraguay; Costa Rica; Cape Juby and many others. This unusual packet catalogs over \$1.50 and regularly sells for \$1.00 net. Price to serious applicants for our Quick-Service Approvals—ONLY TEN CENTS!—to a customer. Do a little money back if not delighted!!



LITTLETON STAMP CO., Box 8, LITTLETON, NEW HAMPSHIRE

## WOW!! \$10.00 WORTH OF FUN — ONLY 10c!

What a treasure hunt! Big package 500 FOREIGN STAMPS—just as received from foreign missions, other sources. Includes stamps from Africa, South America, Philippines, Free French, Cape Juby, Palestine, etc. including airmails, commemoratives, and stamps worth up to 50c and 75c. This amazing offer is given for 10c to serious approval applicants only. One to a customer, money back if not more than delighted. Jamestown Stamp Co., Dept. 90, Jamestown, New York.

STAMPS—VALUED UP TO 50c & 75c EACH

## "POLE TO POLE" PACKET!!

This unusual packet contains stamps from strange, mysterious countries only—scarce Greenland (North Pole), Solomon Islands, Spanish Morocco, Nepal, Patiala, Siberia, Greenland (New British colony of the South Pole), Djibouti, Zanzibar, and many others. Includes stamps cataloging up to 25c each, and positively no "common" countries. OUR PRICE ONLY 5c TO APPROVAL APPLICANTS! If you want a real thrill—a packet absolutely "different"—send this nickel today!!

METHUEN STAMP SERVICE, INC., Dept. 170, LAWRENCE, MASS.

**Cactus Plant and Triangle—Given!**  
(as shown) Peru Coast, China, Nippon, Palestine, etc. Includes Pirate & "Fairy Tale" stamps. Arabian 3 language stamp, New Zealand, French & Portuguese Colonies, etc. ALL GIVEN with approvals for 3c postage. Patman Stamp Co., Dept. 108, Washington, D. C.

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50 all different African stamps. A galaxy of scenes showing lions, tigers, native chiefs, and jungle villages. All for 10c to serious approval applicants. DETROIT POSTAGE STAMP CO., Dept. G, Detroit 19, Michigan.

## STAMP COLLECTION GIVEN!

50 different including scarce diamond-shaped airmail, given to approval service applicants sending 3c postage.

AVALON STAMP CO., Dept. A, Springfield-B, Mass.

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**FIJI** Ethiopia, Damascus, Monaco, Kenya, Togo, Uganda, Canal Zone, Tanganyika, Curacao, etc. in "Queer Country" lot—ALL 5c with approvals. Vance, 6520 El Solinda, Bell Gardens, Calif.

**GIVEN** U. S. Senate issue of Nicaragua showing U. S. Flag, Br. Morocco Abdication stamp, Malay Tiger, Upr. Duckling, Iran, Card-Road Money stamp, etc.—ALL with approvals for 3c postage. MILLER, 625 E. King, Owosso, Mich.

**ONLY 5 cents for 3 beautiful Trinidad and Tobago stamps, 1c, 2c and 3c of 1936 issue, send for my one and two cent stamps. H. E. Codwise, Box 5, Melrose Highlands, Mass.**

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**GIVEN!!!** British Empire Packet, Postage 3c WILLIAMS, 602 Archer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

**GIVEN!!!** Pony Express Set (facsimiles), Postage 3c Roberts, 402 Shearer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

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